Week ending June 9 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

DON'T BE DECEIVED BY THE

GREAT MAN TRICK

Says SWAFFER on page 5

WAR regulations restrict Bulmer's Cider to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

royals JD

A SURPRISE FOR MOTHER
HELLO, MRS. BROWN– I'M DOING THE WASHING TO-DAY AND MUM SAID TO GO EASY ON THE SOAP.
I'M JUST GOING TO LIGHT THE COPPER.
BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BOIL!
MUM ALWAYS BOILS– YOU HAVE TO. TO GET THINGS REALLY CLEAN.
LOOK, BETTY – TRY MY WAY AND SURPRISE YOUR MOTHER! IT CUTS OUT BOILING AND SAVES SOAP.
USE HALF THE USUAL AMOUNT OF WATER AND TWO-THIRDS THE RINSO. WHISK UP AND SOAK CLOTHES FOR 12 MINUTES.
WELL DONE BETTY! YOU'VE DONE THEM BEAUTIFULLY!
MRS BROWN SHOWED ME – NO BOILING AND YOU USE LESS RINSO.
JB

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R 3223-414

R. S. Hudson Limited

Make it easy- have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. **1/3** PER JAR

S.C.7

Steeling a march! Trust Gillette's fine-tempered edge to get through where the going's toughest. On the Elbe or on the chin, Gillette in battledress smooths the way—to that *victory smile!* Gillette in battledress, maybe—but Gillette true to form!

Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

If you can't always get them, remember they're worth trying for! Production still restricted.

You like Biscuits

Of course you do. And you are wise to make the most of the limited supplies available. We know only too well that there are many occasions when biscuits help to keep you going and to avoid that over-tired feeling while there's work to be done. Biscuits are nourishing and easily digested. In fact, just as you like them

. . . they like you!

CVS-112

FOOD FACTS

a better chance for YOUR child

Mothers!

read this important message . . .

"How can I give my child the best possible chance in life? How can I help him to make the most of the better education, the wider career that is being planned for all this country's children in the happier years ahead?" In these victorious days, thousands of mothers are asking such questions, and here is one practical step they can take — *now.*

Essential to Health

During the war the Government has made available to all children under five certain Welfare Foods which, doctors advise, are essential to health. Together with the Priority Milk Scheme, the Welfare Foods — Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil — have helped to make Britain's "Blitz Babies" the bonny lot they are. These foods are still available — still at less than cost price — and still just as important to the health of young children.

A Valuable Habit

So, mother, see that your "under five" gets these Welfare Foods every single day. If your child has already been having them, don't give up this valuable habit because the European war is over. If he has not been getting them regularly, make it a "must" that he has them every day from now on, *no matter how healthy and rosy he looks.*

Building up Resistance

By keeping on with Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil you help your child to resist infectious diseases, to develop strong bones and good teeth, to build up the sound constitution and sturdy body that will stand him in such good stead throughout his schooldays, and in the years when he is preparing for a successful career.

Remember, you can buy this "health and protection" at your Welfare Centre, Clinic, Distribution Centre or Food Office simply by sticking the necessary amount in 2½d. stamps on the Welfare Foods coupons in your child's green Ration Book. The Government controls the price, at the low cost of 5d. a bottle for the Orange Juice and 10d. a bottle for the Cod Liver Oil. (Free if you get free milk.)

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. (MC2)

NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's—you can depend on it!

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LIMITED
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

'CAMP'

Still contains ONLY good coffee, chicory and pure sugar

SCARCE BUT GOOD

Surveys · plans · elevations · stresses and strains

—it's hard on her nerves

There are plenty of problems for the woman who is an architect. They challenge her brain — and they fray her nerves; so the soothing cup of Rowntree's Cocoa comes as a boon. She designs the houses; what of the busy housewives who live in them? Are their nerves any less jangled? By no means; the care of a home and family makes big demands on nervous energy. Amid the bustle of the day's housework, a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa soothes ragged nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

Rowntree's Cocoa soothes frayed nerves

Will you want

a trouble-free radio set?

Ah! who won't? We certainly wouldn't promise you that. But there's this to say. Before the war we had a pretty good reputation for making reliable sets, and we've learned a lot more about reliability in the last five years. You have to when the lives of soldiers, sailors and airmen depend on it.

C.R.C. 176

PETTICOAT PANIC PARTY

"The cleaners have let me down again. I'm meeting John off the B.L.A. train tonight and I've absolutely nothing to wear."
"*What's wrong with the black suit and the lace jabot?*"
"I can't wear the lace jabot, it's really dirty. Oh, I could cry."
"*Wash it in Sylvan Flakes dear. There's still time.*"
"Do try and be helpful, Kathie. There hasn't been any Sylvan for ages."
"*Poor little Cinderella, you need a fairy godmother. I'll lend you some Sylvan. It's sold loose of course, but I get some quite often.*"
"How *do* you get it, Kathie?"
"*Like a sensible little woman I ask for Sylvan by name.*"

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

June 9·1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2034 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

THE NATION'S BLOOD

MR. JONES of Balham and Mrs. Smith of Blackpool have a need in common with the richest of our industrial magnates: adequate supplies of coal at reasonable prices.

Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel, states bluntly that "the coal mining industry in this country has fallen behind its competitors. The output per man-shift is far too low, and the price of coal is far too high."

Obviously a remedy must be found. One proposal has official backing. Major Lloyd George commits the "caretaker" Government to the Reid Report, though he strangely refuses to "go into great detail" on the subject.

Briefly, this Report proposes wholesale amalgamation of collieries in order to furnish the mines with efficient methods of coal-getting.

Yet there have been big amalgamations in the past, and they have not produced more coal.

Indeed, as a Minister of Mines once said: "We have suffered ruin and desolation in almost all our coalfields where the combines have found a resting place."

Moreover, the money to provide modern equipment would have to be found by the State—meaning Mr. Jones of Balham, Mrs. Smith of Blackpool, and all the rest of us.

In short, private enterprise would continue at public expense.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL is Nationalisation. This clumsy word sums up two main advantages:

Because the pits would be publicly controlled, the miners' mistrust would be removed. The money provided by the public to make the mines efficient would be a national investment, not a source of profit to incompetent and grasping individuals.

The time has passed for half-measures. Thirty years of compromise has wasted the nation's life blood.

We must insist, at the coming election, that the one plan which guarantees a fair deal both to miner and consumer shall be adopted.

The Editor

TRUMAN KNITS ALLIES TOGETHER

Unifying German Control. Russia's Next Leader. Guards for W.V.S. Liberals at a Discount. Plenty of Fish in the Sea. Tchaikovsky Vogue. Litigation Costs

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is Big as well as being one of the Three. Sending Joseph Davies to London and Harry Hopkins to Moscow, he has tied up loose ends left over from Teheran and Yalta.

Inter-Allied control of Germany should banish the horrid vista of water-tight zones, a Soviet administration in one competing for German public approval with the Anglo-American in the others.

That nightmare, legacy of the wartime Big Three's pre-occupation with victory to the exclusion of peace planning, has been dispelled by Truman's swift action.

Stalin's Successor

Montgomery, man of common-sense, has told the Germans to get back to work.

He, Eisenhower and Zhukov can be trusted as military chiefs to keep order. Their civil opposites—Kirkpatrick, Murphy and Zhdanov—have a bigger job in handling the economic controls to get maximum output from German fields, factories and mines.

Zhdanov is likely to take Stalin's place at the Kremlin when the time comes.

Once an Outlaw

Andrei Alexandrovitsh Zhdanov, dark, thick-set, and forty-nine, began political life as an underground Marxian in Tsarist days.

His organising genius saved Leningrad in the city's siege crisis. Passionate oratory nerved 400,000 men, women and children to dig trenches, build defences under sprays of bullets from the massed Luftwaffe.

Gets Things Done

He is Cecil Rhodes and Henry Ford in one. The motor road plus railway he built over frozen Lake Ladoga, Leningrad's only link with outside, was a major feat of engineering.

When Finland packed up, Stalin sent him there to get the country back to work. He succeeded. That is why he is in Germany now. Stalin knows!

Acumen in Khaki

SO TOTAL WAS THE neglect of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin to make plans for running post-collapse Germany, that what has been done since VE-Day says much for the nous of the Allied military administrators.

Many a Tom, Dick or Harry in Britain possesses a flair for public affairs, soon makes a useful town councillor; but twelve years of Fascism extinguished political savvy in the Reich. Even so, the military have unearthed non-Nazi Germans to run the place under Army orders.

Going one better, the politically wise Russians have struck a human note with such things as band concerts and even international soccer. Unified Inter-Allied control will make the best of both worlds.

British Labour could play a fine part. It interested itself in Greece—why shouldn't it help to revive trades unions in Germany?

Ch! for Blum

SYRIA, where timely British intervention averted worse trouble after needless French show of force had done much moral and material damage, was another of the fruits of the Big Three's preoccupation with war winning to the exclusion of peace planning.

Why not establish a Preparatory Peace Treaties Commission now, at which everybody could stake their claims? Thus the De Gaulles and Titos could placate public opinion without setting the world alight.

If only M. Blum were to take charge of things in France!

Human and likeable Arthur Greenwood has a first-class brain and a pronounced Yorkshire accent. He gave Sir William Beveridge the task of working out the Security Plan which became world-famous as the Beveridge Report.

Translate, Please

TEXTBOOKS NOW BEING prepared for German use must make clear that German military victories since Bismarck have been won by surprising unready enemies after years of preparation; and that in fair fight the *Wehrmacht* has been beaten.

It was whacked all the way from Alamein to Hamburg and Stalingrad to Berlin over two years.

Let people here have translations, so that we may know what is being done in our name. Will German children in the Russian zone have different books? That way lies disaster. It is high time the Allies got together!

Armed Guard for W.V.S.

HIGH TIME, TOO, that the consequences of the non-fraternisation order were fully realised.

A party of W.V.S. helpers is shortly to leave Britain for Germany. These women have been offered an armed guard to protect them, not against Germans, but British soldiers!

Eventually the order will have to be modified—if only because the troops won't always regard it as a military crime to give a German child a smile or a sweet. Meanwhile, the men are fuming and puzzled by the official view that they must behave as if they were less than human.

Lurking Nazis

LEGIONS OF NAZIS ARE DEAD, but plenty are left to make trouble for the Allied police experts who, so far, have the situation well in hand.

Food or fuel shortage would give mischief its vent. That is why output and more output is the key to European peace.

Undersea Tourists

Not all the living Nazis are in Germany, though. Some are believed to be on the way to Japan in long-range U-boats.

Waiting for them is the notorious Captain Wiedemann, who in 1939 visited London on a special mission as Hitler's own A.D.C., and was German Consul-General at San Francisco, whence he was expelled for Fifth Column stuff to become Consul-General in Manchuria.

China Strikes Again

BUT THE JAPANESE HAVE MORE pressing problems than Wiedemann and his expected guests from Europe. China's upsurging armies must be worrying them.

Japan's land communications with Indo-China, Thailand and what is left to her of Burma may be severed by the new Chinese thrust southward into Kwangsi province.

Grimmer still, the eastward push into Fukien province, which has already installed Chinese armies in the deep water port of Foochow opposite Formosa, opens the prospect of Allied landings on the China mainland with a ready-made bridgehead.

White Hot Election

CANDIDATES WHO HAVE so far staged election meetings are scared at the size and enthusiasm of the crowds.

Scared, because such ardour can't be kept white hot for four weeks. Elections have been lost because premature frenzy tailed into apathy. With zero hour about next week-end, three weeks' real fight will be ample.

But already two salient points of this momentous contest stick out a mile.

Liberal Splutter

Rush election has caught the Liberals out before they even go in to bat. With only eighteen M.P.s (including Lady Megan Lloyd George but not brother Gwilym, who has turned National), they must win 303 seats to get a bare majority!

This two-man Party has Beveridge, who worked out the details of Arthur Greenwood's plan for all-in social insurance; and Sinclair, dour Highland Scot with 100,000 acres.

Beveridge, white-haired but genial old pundit, born in Bengal sixty-six years ago, comforts Liberals with the reminder that there will be other General Elections after this one. Will his geniality survive the declaration of the results at the end of next month?

Abrupt Archie

Sinclair, not yet fifty-five, was thought brusque of manner by the junior grades at the Air Ministry; but then, he used to be a Life Guards major.

He began the selection with snob-stuff calculated to make sure no evacuee voted Liberal. Ill-kempt and underfed, he said,

"NO RED TAPE

at JOHN BULL," writes Mrs. J. Mercer, of Southport, in acknowledging cheque from us.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

they arrived from the slums at the outbreak of war in "our" towns and villages, giving "us" a shock. The Beveridge Plan was the remedy.

But didn't Sinclair know that before 1939 half the British people were underfed? Sir John Orr, now M.P., could have put him wise.

Well Thumbed Pack

SECOND PORTENT of this election is that people are actually doubting whether the Conservatives have the personnel to form a really first-rate Government.

Ace Churchill, King Eden; after that, twos, threes and fours like Amery—whose Die-Hard attitude towards India would, but for intervention from very high places, have forced Lord Wavell to resign instead of returning to India as Viceroy—Stanley and Swinton. This political pack of cards is getting rather worn.

But there is Lord Beaverbrook, whose doctrine of high wages may or may not convert the Conservative mineowners.

Standard of Living

Into the election, too, has come mention of Article VII of the Mutual Aid Agreement which Britain and America signed in the first flush of alliance after Pearl Harbour.

Article VII advocates a revolutionary principle — "expanded consumption," which means that we should all eat more food, wear out more clothes, rebuild our houses more often, make cars or bicycles last a shorter time.

All bankers, all economists without exception say this is heresy. "Save? yes! Produce? sure! Export? by all means! But for heaven's sake, don't consume!" Britain's motto after the last war was "Produce more, consume less"; Russia's during the Five Year Plan, "Eat less bread, so that we may make more ovens."

That never has been JOHN BULL's view. We have always regarded Article VII as a sure basis for prosperity and contentment But do all election candidates realise that to make this a world of plenty, people everywhere must insist on a higher standard of living?

Bluff Orpington

We doubt, for example, whether the point is appreciated by Sir Waldron Smithers, who has been blaming Mr. Attlee for referring on the radio to the "world depression" of the nineteen-thirties, meaning the slump that started in Wall Street. Smithers says it had a local cause—our own Labour election win of 1929.

Smithers, despite his 26,000 majority, will have to fight for his seat at Orpington.

Labour is running against him Colonel Allan Raymond Mais, former Commando and D-Day man of Arromanches, where he built the piers of the Mulberry Harbour. Mais, who is thirty-three, thinks that if you can plan Normandy invasions, you can plan housing programmes.

Scottish Prospect

Whatever happens south of the Tweed, Scotland is likely to return a Labour majority, as in 1929.

Churchill encouraged this tendency when, filling the Caretaker Government posts, he put a peer into the Scottish Office.

Even if the blood of Bruce and Burns coursed in Earl Rosebery's veins, the Scots would still want a Secretary of State whom they could beard in the commons.

Cauldron, Bubble!

LABOUR, CONVINCED THAT the Conservatives will put over some fast ones before July 5, may be forgiven its suspicions. It recalls Red Letters and Post Office Savings scares.

Possible scare clue was the *Daily Mail* story purporting to come from a repatriated British prisoner of war—anonymous, of course—insinuating that our men, freed from Nazi prison camps, were treated rough by the Reds.

The heading, *Russia, by the Man Who Came Back*, gave this egregious piece of mischief a sinister turn, implying that he was lucky to get back.

FINAL GALLOPS BEFORE THE BIG RACE

Paid Holidays

One of the best political suggestions is the T.U.C.'s proposal for immediate legislation to make compulsory a week's paid holiday every year.

Such powerful support for JOHN BULL's holidays-with-pay is welcome. An election pledge by all the Parties on this subject also wouldn't come amiss.

No Need to Quake

FOREIGN OFFICE, barring the pacifist Labour M.P., Rhys Davies, from lecturing in America under Quaker auspices, feared he would give the impression over there that we wanted to pack up the Japan war.

Better way to handle the business would have been to let Davies get ahead, then follow him up with another Labour M.P.—say, Frank Bowles or Seymour Cocks. We can't always be shutting up people whose opinions don't suit us.

Slippery Fish

FINDLAY CRABB, chairman of the Herring Producers' Association, blames transport bottleneck for failure to get the fish glut out of Stornoway, but leaves the public guessing why the fish wasn't taken to a mainland port with a railway.

The Food Ministry says the fish ports are short of labour.

Yet food is really scarce, people want the fish badly, and the fish is plentiful. There are lots of military and R.A.F. personnel in Britain, no longer operational or even under training, equipped with petrol, lorries, airplanes and biceps—and bored stiff. What about it?

STOP THE LOOTING!

UGLY stories are reaching London regarding the looting by British troops of houses and shops in Germany.

No doubt only a minority of our men are concerned. But that is no reason for burying one's head in the sand, ostrich fashion, and pretending not to have heard the reports of their pillaging.

The strangest of them is that one determined fellow who stole a grand piano actually succeeded in shipping it back to Britain in a landing craft.

German looting of the Occupied Countries was notorious. As most decent people have no wish for men in British uniform to imitate the Germans, our authorities should take stringent measures to prevent the evil from growing.

Teach Thyself

MINISTRY OF LABOUR, training ex-Service personnel in hairdressing, offers £5 a week for a 26-weeks' course to a teacher who proposed to teach men's work during the first half, while himself learning women's work in his spare time to teach in the second half.

It is a poor lookout for the ex-Servicemen if their instructors only half know the job.

By-passing Priorities

RELAXATION of control over new Stock Exchange capital issues has a loophole—small businesses under £50,000 may borrow for non-priority objects through the Government's two new financial corporations.

But the controls that matter are those over materials and labour, without which no business, good or bad, can get very far. As for capital, why not interest the entire public in a National Housing Loan to follow the War Savings campaign?

Label Fiction

TOM EASTHAM, K.C., chaired Dorking Bench when fines of £150 with 50 guineas costs were imposed on a London firm for selling liquor under misleading labels.

"If the labels," he remarked, "had truly said it was merely fermented apple concentrate with added cider, I doubt whether the public would have bought it."

The penalties seem small for a gross offence like kidding people with "British wine, port type." "pale golden British sherry," or "British dry vermouth." Why not make the guilty men drink their own concoctions twice a day for a year?

Airborne Disease

SIR PHILIP MANSON-BAHR, the tropical disease specialist whose hobby is the study of birds, thinks international aviation may transmit sleeping sickness.

It is an omen, he says, that dead tsetse flies have been found in aircraft arriving from Brazil. We might get plague, typhus, cholera, smallpox this way, too.

Governments have always taken measures to stop the import of disease. He wants them to be as zealous in preventing its export.

Russian Minstrel

PEOPLE WHO HADN'T the faintest notion what a concerto was, bought up the Tchaikovsky B-flat minor Piano Concerto after liking the melody of "Concerto for Two," appropriated by the jazz bands for dispensing to the public.

When Tchaikovsky died in 1893, the music critics doubted whether his works would long survive him But after fifty years the B.B.C. still plugs his human and divine fires.

Cost of Litigation

STATE-SUBSIDISED LEGAL AID for people with less than £420 a year, urged in the Rushcliffe Committee's report, will have to be enacted, whoever wins the general election.

Lawyers get few bouquets; but the report remarks that there are few solicitors' offices that do not habitually carry clients from whom, in view of their circumstances, no payment is asked.

Ship Names

ALAMEIN, name of newest British destroyer, suggests we might have a *London*, an *Atlantic*, a *Normandy* to commemorate this war's victories.

If we named ships as other navies do, to perpetuate our great men's names, we should have a *Shakespeare*, a *Milton*, a *Watt*, a *Stephenson*, a *Faraday*.

Unreal Default

BUSINESS MEN in America, pleading for the swift ending of all war debts to the United States, would repeal the Johnson Act forbidding private loans to defaulting nations—Britain among them.

They recognise that we didn't really default, for in the last war we borrowed not money but goods, and could have repaid if we had been allowed to do so in goods.

Darts William Tell

JIM PIKE, London darts wizard, can surround a woman's head on a darts-board without hurting a hair of her. Or he would do, if the woman were forthcoming.

He claims to have done 470 times what most of us would like to do once—the treble bed with three arrows, giving the maximum of 180 points.

AS SEEN BY BERGER

This war was not won by one man. The peace cannot be based on hero-worship. Let us beware those who are now exploiting Mr. Churchill by

The Great Man Trick

says HANNEN SWAFFER

GRIM, INDEED, IS THE AFTERMATH of war. Calamity is followed by confusion. Passions are difficult to still. Shouts and jubilation drown the soft voice of Reason. . . .

I remember, as though it were yesterday, the warning Lloyd George uttered to me while, in January, 1936, he was writing the last chapter of his "War Memoirs" on his bedroom balcony in far-off Marrakesh:

"In war, you have to create gods for the public to worship. But, even when you have discovered their feet of clay, you cannot destroy them, for the public must worship something. So they go on worshipping."

The Man of War

At the foot of the stairs just after I met Winston Churchill, a fellow-guest in the same hotel. He, unknown to L.G., himself, or to me, was destined to be the god of the next war.

And, despite his own words, "Men who win a war are seldom fitted to make the peace," the idolatry of millions who owe much to his war-winning genius will now be used by the discredited Tories whom he leads to attract votes for a Party bankrupt in policy and destitute in ideas.

Churchill is by nature a man of war. That was his value in the dark days of 1940 and 1941. He cannot keep out of battle. Cuba, the Sudan, South Africa, Sidney Street, the General Strike—all delighted him because they were conflicts.

But, to-day, the nation needs, and very urgently, calmness and poise, judgment and discretion.

Turn to Winston's own words, written in "My Early Life," his autobiography:

"I thought we ought to have conquered the Irish and then given them Home Rule; that we ought to have starved out the Germans, and then revictualled their country; and that, after smashing the General Strike, we should have met the grievances of the miners."

Why not meet the grievances first? Not even yet, over a score of years after, have they been satisfied. For he still opposes nationalisation of the collieries!

After eulogising in this same book "the grandest of all cavalry events, the Charge," he goes on:

"It is a shame that war should have flung this aside in a greedy, base, opportunist march and turned instead to chemists in spectacles and chauffeurs pulling the levers of aeroplanes and machines. War, which used to be cruel and magnificent, has now become cruel and squalid In fact, it has become completely spoilt. It is all the fault of Democracy and Science."

How on earth can peace be made by a man who, instead of realising that war is wrong, regards it as a game, and who merely regrets a change in the rules under which it is played?

These are not days for cut-and-thrust, of impulsive action, of challenge and defiance.

We have reached the cross-roads of our destiny. We stand at the parting of the ways.

If we turn to the Right we shall link-up with all the remnants of forces belonging to the past, open or secret sympathisers with Fascism and Reaction. If we go to the Left we shall strengthen and reinspire those who, in the stricken countries, fought as Partisans and who now desire, however blunderingly, to rebuild a broken world on a basis of social justice.

In all the countries on the Continent it was the rich who "collaborated" and the industrialists and the big tradesmen who made terms with the Nazi conquerors. It was almost entirely in

"Hero-worship, however natural, will not solve the problems of to-day. We want, not an Idol, but a Plan . . ."

the ranks of the workers that the Resistance movement found its stalwarts—the guerillas and the saboteurs.

Here, too, in 1940, it was the masses of the common people who stood firm in days of test when, in some high-up circles, there were defeatist whispers.

Now, to the millions everywhere must come their great reward—permanent peace, good homes, ample employment, high wages and better education and security in old age.

Hero-worship, however natural, will not solve the problems of to-day. Nor can Glamour do anything but distort the vision.

We want, not an Idol, but a Plan Where

"... Now, to the masses of ordinary people, must come their great reward—permanent peace, good homes, ample employment"

there was bombing, bombast will find no remedy.

I remember two other "Khaki elections."

After the first, held during the Boer War, a Joseph Chamberlain, arrogant and strident, strutted and fumed. Then, because of the disillusioned chaos, the nation had to turn to a quiet-minded Campbell-Bannerman. He replaced the warmongers, in 1906, with an administration that gave Home Rule to the Boers despite the Curzons, the Milners, and the Cromers and so saved the Empire instead of losing it, as they had prophesied.

Then, in 1918, a rush "Hang the Kaiser" election brought a Government that, because of its partnership with Big Business and the corruption that surrounded it, brought us to a sorry plight.

In both those "Khaki" elections, the nation was bemused and robbed of its reason by appeals to "patriotism."

"Vote for those who won the war" was shouted in both elections everywhere. Social betterment was forgotten, even by those who most needed it.

Victory for the Common Man

Immediately after 1918 we made war on the new-born Soviets, with Churchill leading the ill-starred campaign. But for that and the long years of calumny of "the wicked Bolshevists" that followed the war of 1939-45 might never have happened. Not even yet have the Russians forgotten the Churchill war. They like him personally, as we do; but they distrust his politics.

Are we, once again, to turn to the Right instead of the Left?

If we do—well, already the "Diehards" of the United States are saying openly what in this country the Diehards only dare to murmur to each other: "The next fight will be with Russia."

It is on the housing shortage that we must make war, and with a whole-souled resolution like that with which we withstood the blitz and made the arms that became the means of victory. But that must start with control of the land and be followed by careful planning, wise foresight, and calm decision.

We must think, when we rebuild where now is rubble and slumdom, in terms of a new beauty instead of the old ugliness.

A policy of "Take off the controls" is the very opposite of all that. "Private enterprise" is the enemy of settled progress and well deliberated order. It will lead only to those alternate booms and slumps in which the rich become richer and the poor even more impoverished.

To-day's Great Need

Some would hoist at the masthead of the ship of State not the standard of Liberty but the Jolly Roger. Yet, if mankind is to be saved piracy must end, not only in the sphere of international affairs, but in the realm of business and economics.

Yet those who are using Churchill and his high repute as a screen for their nefarious designs dismiss realisation of the possibilities of To-morrow as "pipe-dreams" and "the dreams of wild-eyed visionaries."

To them idealism is an object of mockery. For, to their profit-seeking, that is the gravest of all perils.

Despite their cynicism, the forces of the Democracy are on the march, confident of ultimate victory.

"This," said Henry Wallace, "is the century of the Common Man."

In the end the common people are right. For it is they who seek, not great riches, but abiding peace, abiding security, abiding justice.

OPEN LETTERS

Ccl. Rt. Hon. J. J. Llewellin, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL,—Perhaps it was just platform fun when, tongue in cheek, you told your Oxford audience that if Labour won the Election there would be "hesitation instead of drive, inaction where there should be action; and as a result we should all be doomed to years of scarcity."

Hesitation? It was not the Labour Party which took a long time to make up its mind that rearmament needed a Ministry of Supply to see to priorities!

Inaction? Ask the distressed areas what Big Business did for them before the war!

Scarcity? Your Ministerial colleague, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton once said: "The greatest condemnation of our pre-war economic system was that it allowed resources to be unemployed." And when resources—of men, materials, mines, machines and land—are unemployed, scarcity prevails, as it did between the wars; scarcity made worse by restrictive legislation and monopolist practice.

Again, who legislated to pay farmers for not rearing pigs and to punish them for growing "too many" potatoes when people were short of potatoes? Who formed Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd., to buy up shipyards and break up their machinery? And the workers didn't burn wheat in locomotive fireboxes, dump coffee into the Atlantic, throw fish or oranges into the sea, plough cotton back into the soil, or pour wheat down drains.

It was the supporters of Big Business who restricted production to "the market" instead of expanding it to satisfy measurable human needs. And most people know that, now.

Take my tip, treat your election audiences as grown-ups and tell them what they want to learn—namely, just how will your Party's policy, if you get in, differ from the policy which, between the wars, gave us chronic unemployment and distressed areas.—JOHN BULL.

Marshal Tito,

Yugoslav Leader

DEAR MARSHAL,—We British esteem you so highly that, if you visited us, the tumultuous enthusiasm of vast crowds would amaze you. With sorrow I see you risking the new peace with your outmoded racial notions.

One of the chief causes of war is racial enmity. Nearly always it is manifested by frontier squabbles. Far better for us all if frontiers are made "invisible" and if you use your great influence to allay racial jealousies!

Instead, you call for the liberation of "Slovene brethren" in Carinthia. Yet, historically, they are interlopers. For, says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "The population is predominantly German in speech Only in the south-east, where access is most easy, has a foreign element succeeded in penetrating along the main valleys; and here alterations in

Was Colonel Llewellin joking?

customs, language and architecture herald the passage to Slovene territory."

While most of us in this country are English, we take a Scottish or a Welsh Prime Minister for granted. France doesn't covet Belgium's Walloons any more than Holland does her Flemings though both might well do so on grounds of race and language. How many races and languages make up America's 130 millions?

Your gifts of leadership, used to help in the creation of a United States of Europe, would put posterity in your debt for ever.—JOHN BULL.

Commander R. R. Gore Brown Henderson, R.N.,

Convenor of the Caithness County Council

DEAR SIR,—You have the ill-luck to preside over a body which, by a one-vote margin, has banned from the posts of teacher, director of education, or librarian "all who do not profess the Protestant faith."

Such bigotry brands the majority councillors as intolerant fanatics with sixteenth-century minds, as violators of one of the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, as emulators of Nazis who persecuted religious opponents.

Elsewhere in Britain a seemly spirit of neighbourliness, conforming with the Christian tenet "love one another," long ago supplanted the sectarian strife which during two centuries caused civil commotion and savage persecution. I suppose if some Caithness folks had their way Smithfield faggots would still be crackling as martyrs frizzled to death.

Happily, the last word is with Edinburgh, whence your council gets about 70 per cent. of education grants. I trust the Secretary of State for Scotland will put a stopper on this silly business.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King,

Prime Minister of Canada

DEAR MR. KING,—Canada's fine contribution to the war effort was made possible by planning and priorities on the principle of "first things first."

Do not now yield to people who want you to relax mining restrictions to permit geologists and engineers to squander energy and equipment on a speculative gold rush in your Far North.

Suppose they did get the gold, what good would it do mankind? Already at Fort Knox the U.S.A. has gold worth £4,000 millions buried deep in the earth and guarded by armed troops. The world's total gold in bank or Treasury vaults comes to £6,000 millions—as useless to the human race as if it lay on the Pacific Ocean bed!

Yet South Africa's Minister of Mines, Stallard, says £40,000,000 is to be invested in ultra-deep Rand mining down to 14,000 ft.; men are to toil to exhume the stuff in Africa, ship it across the globe, and inhume it in America.

Please allocate your experts and their apparatus to the extraction of other minerals the world needs badly—among them Canada's copper, nickel, lead, zinc, and the rare metals of which this war has proved the tremendous usefulness. First things first, and no more Klondykes!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Don't Rush!

"THE PRESENT AGE," said someone to me the other day, "can be described in two words—'Whiz! Whiz!'"

It's true: and it's sad. The whole world seems bent on the worship of "Whiz! Whiz!" and although the whole world is going faster and faster, it's a little difficult to see that it's arriving anywhere.

Space is being annihilated: Time is being abolished; and where's it getting us?

And what applies to the physical seems likely to be the test of the mental. If there's a new idea, let's take it on; let's adopt it; and don't let's waste any time discovering whether it's a good idea or not.

Now, that's not a sensible attitude, either.

An idea is not necessarily good because it is new. Neither is an idea necessarily bad because it is old. Many new ideas are worth trying: but many old ideas only want altering and adapting to modern times, not necessarily scrapping.

"Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new:
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again."

In other words—don't rush!

Argument

To meet the threat of five years of Toryism—

WHY NOT A POPULAR FRONT?

for

1. All Europe is swinging Left. A government of the Right in Britain would be an international disaster.

2. The various Parties of the Left, for all their differences, stand for the common man.

3. Left disunity made Hitler possible in Germany. In Britain it will give us another lamentable decade of Tory rule.

4. In the past, Tory strength has lain in the fact that those who stand still can stand solid, whereas progressives tend to progress in different directions. The Left must close its ranks or go under.

5. Now that many "rebels" are back in the fold, the pointless and longstanding feuds healed, why not try for complete workers' unity?

6. On housing, social security, continuance of controls, treatment of Germany, all the Parties of the Left are agreed.

7. The fact that Russia is our ally and the Communist International dissolved has disposed of the "red bogy."

against

1. Labour stands for democratic socialism achieved constitutionally. Communism stands for revolutionary dictatorship. What alliance can there be between such extremes?

2. The Liberals, cursed by chronic disunity themselves, are still tied to *laissez faire* capitalism—in some respects further to the Right than the Young Tories.

3. Common Wealth, a freak Party which took advantage of the electoral truce, has no claim on Labour sympathy; the Communists have for a generation reviled Labour leaders as "traitors."

4. Till Russia entered the war the British Communists deliberately hampered our war effort. Now they support it, but at any moment, presumably, the "Party line" may change.

5. A Labour Ministry, relying on Liberal votes, proved disastrous in the past.

6. Communism has little following. Labour has nothing to gain from the alliance, and its good name to lose.

7. The Labour Party, with Trade Union and Co-operative support, is itself a popular front.

FAIR PAY is Better Than PRIZE MONEY

by John Grant

British sailors, still hopelessly underpaid, find little consolation in the great Prize Money "lottery." Complicated and unfair, it is a relic of the bad old days

MORE THAN £19,000,000 of Prize Money is waiting to be distributed to the officers and men of the Royal Navy. By the end of the war with Japan the total will be considerably higher.

Nobody knows how much a rating will draw. In the last war, £30 was a typical lower-deck figure. This time there is a good deal more money in the pool—£15,000,000 was the 1918 total—but there will be far more people to share it. What about the R.A.F., for example? Air-sea co-operation went far beyond Coastal Command. And what about the Wrens?

Last time an admiral got one hundred and twenty times the ordinary seaman's share. Does this square with modern ideas? Seagoing personnel will probably get about three times as much as shore staff. Fair enough, on the whole, though many of the shore jobs were far from beds of roses. A man who went through the Plymouth raids might well have preferred to be patrolling off Zanzibar.

On the legal side there are endless points to be decided. Valuation of "prizes," for instance, has been called the prize headache of the Law. Decisions go largely by precedent, and discussion turns always to the past.

The Queen's Navee

For it is an old institution this Prize Money, considerably older than Magna Charta. Ten years before he bowed to the Barons at Runnymede, and eleven years before he left his crown in the Wash, King John sent out a certain Thomas of Galway to harass French shipping, and arranged that Thomas and his crews should have half the proceeds from any vessels captured.

That was more than 700 years ago, and it is clear from John's letter that a fifty-fifty division of the spoils was already an established custom.

Times have changed since the thirteenth century. The British Navy is a very different institution from Thomas of Galway's little fleet of caravels popping out from the Channel ports. Naval engagements are no longer hand-to-hand fights between individual ships, but huge concerted actions taking months to prepare and covering hundreds or even thousands of miles of sea. The whole idea of Prize Money is a little out of date.

It was useful in the great days of Elizabeth, because it provided the main incentive for gentlemen adventurers to build ships and gather crews and go out and fight the Queen's battles at their own expense.

It was useful under Cromwell, because without the hope of Prize Money it would have been impossible to induce competent officers to put up with the cramped quarters and miserable pay in the Navy that fought the Dutch wars.

Ten Pounds a Gun

Cromwell also started the institution of Prize Bounty—money paid to the officers and crews of ships which captured or sunk enemy men-of-war.

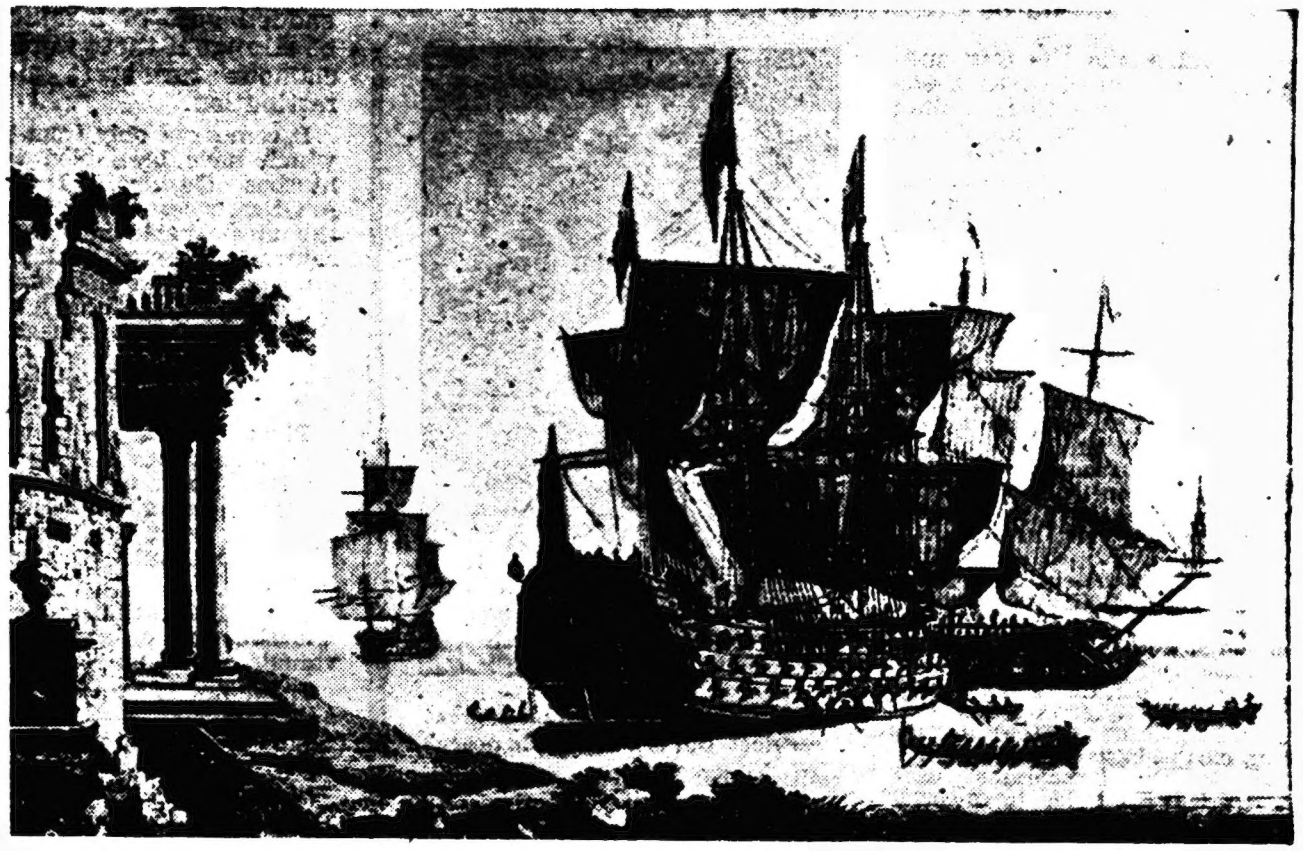
The rates were calculated on a basis of 10s. a ton and £6 13s. 4d. a gun for naval vessels taken; £10 a gun for vessels sunk or destroyed. In spite of this, however, the big money was still made from the capture of merchant ships.

For a century and a half a naval career was an enormous gamble, rather like an Irish Sweepstake. In 1656, for instance, Sir Richard Stayner intercepted four Spanish treasure ships off Cadiz. One escaped and was wrecked. Two were burned to mere charred hulks. But the fourth was captured, and its cargo alone was worth £600,000. Stayner retired a rich man.

Fifty years later Sir Charles Wager had a series of lucky hauls during the Marlborough wars, with the result that he rivalled the great Duke himself in the money he made out of his country's struggle.

A hundred years after that, Sir Graham Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore, who was buried at Corunna, captured three treasure ships homeward bound from the Americas, the value of which was estimated at £700,000.

But there was always trouble. The theory was that the Prize Money, after the Government had taken its share, should be distributed among the officers and men of the ships which made the capture.



Hopeful of big prizes officers and men endured conditions comparable to a modern concentration camp in men-of-war such as the *Royal Ann*—she carried 780 men and 100 guns against the French navy early in the 18th century

Spanish Gold

As a result, the commanders of small squadrons combing the Mediterranean and the West Indies would sometimes send away part of their force before tackling an enemy convoy, so that there would be fewer people to share in the expected Prize Money.

When commanders were prepared to put private gain before sound naval tactics, subordinates felt little obligation to obey orders. They also looked to the main chance.

Most of the prizes fell to the smaller ships—frigates—which were sent out on long cruises to prey on enemy shipping. Captains of frigates would refuse promotion to line-of-battleships, because that would reduce their chances of making a fortune.

Needless to say, the ordinary seamen got a very small percentage of the Prize Money. The most notorious example was a convoy captured in the Atlantic in 1769. The Admiral got £122,000 out of this single action. The seamen got £23 14s. 9½d.

That was an exceptional case. Seven years earlier, two small British ships had captured the *Hermione*, which was found to be worth more than £500,000. Because the British crews were so small, the share to each individual seaman worked out at something like a record. Here is a schedule of the actual payments:

Flag Officer	£64,963	3	9
Captain	£65,000	0	0
Lieutenants	£13,000	0	0
Warrant Officers ...	£4,336	0	0
Seamen	£480	0	0

Even by present standards, £480 would be a useful sum to make out of a single battle (if you survived). In the eighteenth century it was worth at least five times as much But £65,000 was one hundred and thirty-five times more useful—particularly to the Flag Officer, who wasn't even present at the battle.

The seamen constantly complained of the smallness of their share in the Prize Money. In the famous mutiny at the Nore in 1798 one of their demands was for a fairer distribution—they suggested that two-thirds of the total should be distributed among the lower deck. The demands were refused and the mutiny suppressed

At Trafalgar, when the Fleet was waiting to go into action, one sailor is said to have remarked that he hoped the French bullets would be distributed like the Prize Money—the lion's share to the officers.

The lion's share still goes to the top; the more you need a bonus, the less you get. Meanwhile naval pay remains low largely because of the old tradition that his chance in the Prize Money lottery compensates the seaman for years of sweated labour.

But there is no half million in Spanish gold to be shared by a frigate's crew nowadays. The lottery has become less exciting. The seaman may get twenty pounds or he may get forty pounds; which is hardly a month's wages on a good shore job. The dream of pieces of eight has come to that.

The admirals will presumably get from £3,000 to £6,000, if the precedent of the last war is followed; and £6,000 is as much as most admirals would make in a year ashore.

More for the Lower Deck

Here and now, there should be a fairer valuation of captured shipping; and a revised system of share-out, with more for the lower deck.

For the future, an all-round increase in naval pay.

And then, when justice has been done to our seamen, we can make an end of the dismal prize-money fiasco—romantic, illogical, unworkable, a survival of the bad old days.

Keep These Good Things

The war produced valuable new social services. Many of them should be preserved for the peace

FIVE YEARS AGO the war suddenly demanded of us a tremendous, organised, united effort, and the people of Britain rose to the occasion.

As a result, a whole series of war time institutions have grown up to promote the welfare and efficiency of the community as a whole.

There is a movement afoot to get rid of these. Diehards who own all the fishing rights in the troubled waters of economic anarchy, dislike the idea of co-operation.

On the major plane of National Economy, the coming elections will decide whether the Diehards are to have their way. But there are a number of war time institutions which the citizens of this country have built up for themselves, and the future of these will have to be decided now.

There are the British Restaurants, for instance. At the end of last year, there were nearly 2,000 of these up and down the country. Some of them had been run at a loss. But on the whole they have shown a profit. Up to March of last year, the total net profit was almost exactly £90,000—and that after setting aside £624,000 towards paying off the initial capital.

The British Restaurants have proved that it is possible, by co-operative effort to serve good, well-balanced meals at an average price of 1s. 2d. a meal. They have been an enormous help to large numbers of housewives and workers all over the country. We must make sure that they are not closed down now, merely to make way for higher prices and private profits.

We Still Need Food!

The same is true of works canteens. In 1943, Mr. Bevin arranged for every factory employing more than 250 workers on war contracts to provide canteen facilities. The results were so satisfactory that over 6,000 smaller factories followed suit.

People in factories will still need to eat, even in peace time. Canteens should be a permanent requirement in all industries. And if the management can't run them properly, the workers can.

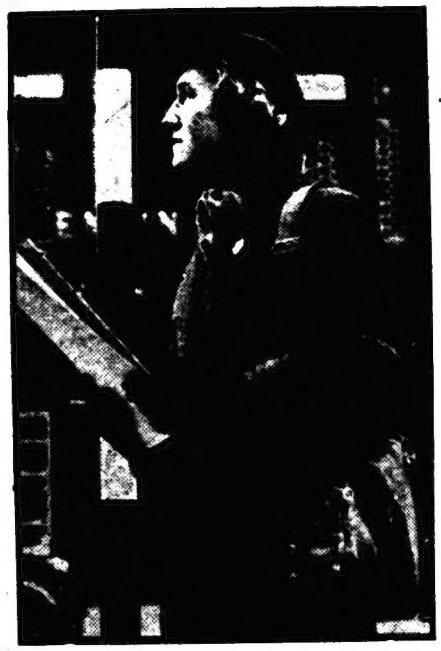
Then there are the war time day nurseries. The present proposal is to turn them into nursery schools under the new Education Act. But nursery schools do not take children under two, and they are open only from 9 till 4, instead of from 7 till 7. No doubt we look forward to a time when no mothers will need to work as long as they have small children to look after. That's still a long way off.

Meanwhile we have trained staffs all over the country—more than 16,000 of them—anxious to carry on a useful service. The Ministry of Health has said that if any local authority wants to continue its day nurseries, it will be permitted to do so. Now is the time to find out what your local authority proposes to do.

Another war time institution which should be kept is the Agricultural Committee. With the pressing need for food production, the Government arranged for these committees to inspect all the farms in their areas, and to make sure that the land was put to the best possible use.

We have little enough land in these islands. What we have must be used to the best advantage.

In the same way, our industrial resources must be used as efficiently as possible. In 1942 the Government



The unpaid W.V.S. did a great service. But is it needed in peace?

realised that in many factories the workers knew better than the management what was holding up production. So, by agreement with the Trade Unions and the Employers' Organisations they set up Joint Production Committees to discuss any question (apart from wage agreements and conditions of labour) which might have a bearing on the all-important goal of efficiency.

Within twelve months these committees were functioning in more than 2,000 large engineering works. The workers were telling their employers why the production lines were being held up.

The first great inroad of democracy into industry, Sir Stafford Cripps called it.

Another war time institution that would be worth keeping is the Citizens' Advice Bureau. There are more than 1,000 of these at the moment. They were set up, mainly in the larger towns, to help ordinary people with the filling in of Government forms and the multiple complications of war time living.

Plenty of Headaches

In the modern world, John Citizen has still a lot of headaches, and it would be a great pity if the Advice Bureaux were closed down out of hand.

The trouble is they were largely staffed by unpaid workers—in many cases by the Women's Voluntary Services. The future of the W.V.S. is a problem in itself. There is a great deal to be said for having a peace time organisation through which people who are in a position to do so can give their services to the community for no monetary reward.

But there are arguments on the other side. Social services which depend on voluntary labour are apt to look too much like charity.

Perhaps this is not necessary. One thing at least the war has taught us: that the ordinary people of Britain are just as capable of giving voluntary service to the community as ever the old "ruling classes" were. It has taught us that you don't need to be a duchess to run an A.R.P. centre.

HARRY FOWLER.

NO WA... WEAKNESS

by A. G. GARDINER

THE IMPATIENCE AT THE DELAY in punishing the war criminals is natural and widespread. After five years of a Terror compared with which the Terror of the French Revolution was only a sudden gust of insanity, it would be strange if there were not a fierce clamour for swift and ruthless retribution.

It comes not only from the countries which have been bled white by the hideous *Gestapo*. It comes from America, where journalists fresh from the unspeakable horrors of the concentration camps demand lynch law on a scale that does more credit to the warmth of their hearts than to the coolness of their heads.

Massacre of Revenge?

Thus, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the eminent publisher, speaking at a meeting in New York, urges that the entire German General Staff, the *Gestapo* and S.S., with the industrialists and financiers should be executed out of hand.

He estimates that this might involve the shooting of some 1,500,000 individuals. Some massacre!

If the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" were invoked it would be an under-punishment. Millions have been butchered and millions would have to pay the price.

But justice, not revenge, is the law we have to execute. We have to vindicate civilisation against a reign of barbarism, and we cannot use the methods of barbarism to cast out barbarism.

This does not mean that the deplorable weakness committed after the last war will be repeated. Then, as a concession to the Weimar Republic, the Allies allowed the German courts to try the war criminals of 1914-18. The result was a monstrous betrayal of justice.

Of the 901 accused of crimes by the Allies, 888 were either acquitted or the proceedings were summarily stopped. The sentences passed on the 13 convicted were negligible, and the criminals were treated as national heroes.

This time there will be no such travesty of justice. The War Crimes Commissions of the various countries have made elaborate preparations for the punishment of the criminals, and thousands of suspects are under lock and key throughout Europe awaiting judgment. They fall into four main categories.

The Big Fish

First come the gangster chiefs. The big fish will not escape the net as they did last time. No flight, like that of the Kaiser into Holland, will save their skins.

The knowledge that this time their fate would be inexorable has lightened the task. Several like Himmler and Goebbels have fallen by their own hand.

Others, like Hitler, Bormann and many of the General Staff, have gone down in the ruins of war. Of the rest of the principals, only Ribbentrop remains at large.

The others, from Goering, Ley, Hess, Rosenberg and Von Papen to Streicher, Seyss Inquart, Frank and

Goering's trial must not be allowed to drag on for months!

the traitor Joyce, are under lock and key.

The offences of this group "are rank and smell to heaven." They do not concern particular crimes. They are the source of all the crimes, and their punishment is the affair of the Allies as a whole.

Some difference of opinion exists among the Allies as to methods of disposing of them. The Americans favour a fully constituted court and a formal trial. We argue for summary trials before military tribunals.

That surely is the preferable method. Public feeling would not tolerate long-drawn-out trials in regard to men whose guilt is proved by the shambles of a continent and the blood of millions.

The Penalty in Death

In the words of Lord Atkin, there should be "no technical rules of procedure or evidence, and the extreme penalty should be death, to be mitigated as the tribunal might decide."

The case of the quislings and internal traitors raises no difficulty. They will be dealt with on the scene of their crimes, as Pétain and Quisling himself are being dealt with now. This is a domestic matter, and does not concern the Allies as a whole.

But the surrender of such criminals as Laval to the competent authorities is a responsibility of the Allies. They long ago signified to the neutral States that they would not tolerate the harbouring of war criminals.

They have now to implement that warning in the face of Franco's obstinate refusal to hand Laval over to the nation he so shamefully betrayed. This can be done by a turn of the screw of economic pressure, and it should be done without hesitation or ceremony.

So much for the authors of the

CRIMES THIS TIME!

crime. We come to the multitudinous instruments of the crime. They number thousands and tens of thousands.

They include high-ranking officers from Keitel downwards to the rank-and-file—all who have carried out their instructions from above and have added their own note of brutality to the crimes they have committed.

These crimes cover the whole range of iniquity from mass murders and the burning of whole villages to the shooting of innocent hostages, the infliction of unspeakable torments on helpless victims, and loot on a scale never before paralleled in the annals of war.

The Polish Committee in London alone has prepared a list of 15,000 criminals belonging to this category. Czechoslovakia has a list which is no less formidable. And Holland, France, Belgium, Norway and the rest have each and all a terrible record to swell the volume of indictments.

This host of criminals must not be allowed to take shelter under the plea of carrying out orders from above. No law of war sanctions crime against the defenceless, and in the coming months there must be such an Assize of Retribution throughout Europe as will remain an awful warning, not only to the Hitlers of the future but to their instruments.

But again, that Assize is not the responsibility of the Allies as a whole. The barbarians who have desolated Europe must be tried in the courts of the countries they have outraged. Unlike the principals, whose guilt is flagrant and indisputable, they should be tried and dealt with in the light of the evidence against them.

There remains the problem of the concentration camps. This is the most ghastly category of all. What is to be done with those implicated in these horrors?

Be Wise, Be Firm!

The camps were situated and the crimes were committed on Reich territory. But can the trial of the criminals be left to the Germans themselves?

Obviously not. It is true that the victims of the camps were largely, perhaps chiefly, German subjects.

But they included great numbers of foreigners, Russians, Poles, Jews of all sorts, swept into those hells with the deliberate intention that they should never emerge alive.

It is plainly the duty of the Allies to provide the judicial machinery, whether civil or military, for dealing with this gruesome task.

It might be well to associate German lawyers with the tribunals as assessors. One of the most immediate needs is to restore the judiciary that Hitler overthrew when he seized power, and the concentration camp trials would afford an occasion for bringing the traditions of law and justice back into that unhappy land.

On the wisdom and firmness with which we execute justice on the war criminals much depends. They will bring back the reign of law to Europe after five years of hideous lawlessness, and they will help to lay down a stern criminal code of war for the new World Order that the Peace will inaugurate.

Bombed-out people are being shamefully treated by compensation officials. WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, tells them how to obtain their rights.

They couldn't save much from their home. Now, unless they listen to *John Bull*'s advice, they may be bilked of fair compensation

Whitehall Meanness For Bomb Victims

THE NEXT GOVERNMENT will, of course, be occupied first with winning the war against Japan. But among home affairs there is one big problem which must be tackled quickly.

It concerns the treatment of thousands of war damage victims.

The article which I wrote a few weeks ago under the title "Justice for the Bombed" brought me a rain of letters from all parts of the country. They show that inadequately assessed "after the war" grants for war damage are even greater in number than I myself believed.

One reader lost his house and all his belongings when an oil bomb fell in 1940.

"We were hurried into filling up our claims form," he writes, "and our local valuer advised us that 'lots of things' were not claimable."

This reader's assessment, made on 1939 values—as were all claims prior to the summer of 1942—will, when he gets the money, provide at current prices about one-fourth of the home which he lost.

Another claimant lost three of his four children in an early raid. He, with his wife and only surviving child, spent over five weeks in hospital.

He gets nothing, of course, for the three children he lost. They were not old enough to work—otherwise compensation for their deaths would have been considered!

Every stitch of clothing had been torn from the survivors of this tragedy by the explosion. Kindly neighbours provided them with emergency clothes.

Cut to a Third

The man had to return to hospital for treatment, and his wife, a bundle of nerves, filled in her claim form as best she could. It is not surprising that she omitted many things. Yet her claim was cut down to about a third, and this was, of course, based on 1939 values.

A North Country reader has been "awarded" about one-fourth of a just assessment.

Many valuers, let me say fairly, have done everything possible for bomb victims. But others have not been so reasonable.

To everyone who has been unfairly treated I give this advice: *If you can conscientiously put forward claims for better compensation*, the first thing to do is to make a careful inventory of your losses. Give each room a special section to itself on a sheet of paper.

Take, for instance, your sitting-room—or what was your sitting-room before your house was bombed. Under the appropriate heading write down every article in it that was lost or damaged.

Then put against each separate item the price you paid for it, as far as you can remember, and when. This is particularly important in the case of earlier raids. For earlier claims, or at least the great majority of them, have been assessed for payment which is to be made after the war on 1939 prices—in other words, on values before prices soared to their present heights.

And—put everything down, no matter whether it was in your original claim or not.

Inquiries show that it was a common belief in the early blitzes that, if a claim were not made within thirty days, it would not be valid. This resulted in many sending in lists that were incomplete, and, in addition, taking it for granted that a valuer's word was final.

State the Price

In many cases, too, claimants omitted articles for which they, at the time, received "distress" payments. They did not realise that such sums would be deducted automatically from their final settlements.

Having made your inventory of goods actually lost, then make a similar one for items that are repairable or have been repaired. For instance, crockery and linoleum cannot be repaired, but pieces of partly damaged furniture can. Where the repairs have already been done the cost should be stated in each case. Where repairs are still required, give the estimated cost.

The following instruction is of special importance. *The amount stated against each article lost or destroyed should be that which you paid for it.*

Don't take anything off for "wear and tear." That is one of the jobs that War Damage officials are paid to do. Many claimants omitted articles because they thought receipts would be required as proof of loss.

In dealing with your new claim it is as well to remember that, in cases of complete destruction receipts were usually destroyed with the other belongings. Government assessors are bound in normal and genuine cases to trust to the honesty of claimant.

Keep this Page

If you have genuine grounds for reconsideration, you should lodge a fresh application for compensation with your local War Damage authority. The address can be found by inquiring at your local Town Hall.

I suggest that, when making your application, you should take this page with you as proof that there is provision for reconsideration of claims even when one has already been assessed and signed.

Why should the claims of earlier bombed victims be assessed on prices existing in 1939 when claims for damage since 1942 are treated on the basis of the ruling price "at time of loss"?

Many of the letters I have received are from couples who have been married only a few years. A typical one comes from a London man whose furniture, just before the war, cost £251. He lost everything in 1941, and, on the 1939 prices, his claim for that sum has been officially "agreed" at £130.

How is he—and many thousands of others like him—to get a new home together when the Treasury's belated cheque *does* come along on this 1939 rate.

The thousands of bombed-out victims awaiting their compensation will expect the new Government to right this wrong.

ADDING TO THE DAMAGE

ONE expert I have consulted was until recently a chief valuer for a military command through which tens of thousands of troops passed. His duties were to obtain a fair valuation of damage done by troops in requisitioned premises.

The extent of the damage done in his area, much of it wanton, is indicated by the fact that 20,000 claims have already been lodged. The total in the last war was just over 1,000.

But the niggardly way his superiors whittled down his recommended settlements has so infuriated him that he has resigned. Now he is advising claimants how to obtain redress.

In one typical case a genuine claim for £3,000 was cut to £1,200. Had the claimant been able to go to law there is little doubt that the payment of the £3,000 would have been ordered.

But—you cannot sue the Crown without the Attorney-General's fiat—a very difficult privilege to obtain!

Official "whittling down" of compensation is no new scandal. The ex-valuer told me that, in a case he dealt with in the last war, the War Office assessors refused a Duke's reasonable claim of £6,500. After long agitation, the Duke was awarded over four times the original amount.

A young Pole helped our airmen to find a vital target. In doing so, he proved that to prevent Germany re-arming

SPIES WILL STILL BE NEEDED

by DONALD STOKES

IN SEPTEMBER, 1943, nine months before D-Day, General Eisenhower pooled the Intelligence services of all the forces under his command. He picked young, shaggy-browed Kenneth Strong, a British brigadier, to control them.

To-day, Major-General Strong—his new job brought him promotion—has the most cosmopolitan collection of Intelligence officers ever known. It comprises men not only from the British Commonwealth and American Forces, and from six exile Governments, but also includes a number of scientists and industrialists. This team, tested by war, now faces the tasks of peace.

The Conference of the Big Five Allies at San Francisco will have constantly before it this urgent need for a world pool of Intelligence between the Allies; there is no other way of securing a lasting peace.

General Eisenhower and General Strong look forward to the day when the Central Control Commission can begin its operations in Berlin.

Strong, our Intelligence chief, probably knows more about the Rhineland, the heart of Germany's industrial strength, than any other Allied general. For four years, up to 1930, he held a "special assignment" in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine; the nature of that post has never been disclosed.

To give a clear indication of the type of teamwork which will be necessary between the Intelligence staffs of the Powers occupying Germany, here (told for the first time) is one of the most perfect examples of Allied Intelligence co-ordination.

Vital Discovery

The story begins at the end of 1943, when a Junkers bomber was shot down over England. Experts who examined the wreckage found that several ball-bearings were stamped with the trade-mark of the Steyr-Daimler-Puch auto works at Steyr, Austria. A new file was started at Intelligence headquarters, labelled "Steyr—Expanded Ball-bearing Production."

About the same time reports were received from the underground army in Austria that big developments were taking place in the Steyr works. The Interpretation Unit of the Air Intelligence Section went very carefully over special reconnaissance photos of Steyr. They drew blank; there were merely the familiar main plant, and two small plants in the old city, and a large new plant down-river that was identified as an aircraft engine plant.

Each of the sheds in this new plant was identified by industrialists who were called in to tell what each particular works would be for. The possibility of their making ball-bearings was ruled out.

Almost immediately the Ministry of Economic Warfare confirmed that ball-bearings were being transported to central Germany from that part of Austria. As a preliminary precaution the Ministry carried out a vast purchase of Swedish ball-bearings, by pre-emptive buying, to stop the Germans getting hold of them.

An urgent coded message was sent to the underground forces inside Austria asking them to locate any ball-bearing plant which had been set up in the neighbourhood of the city. The reply came swiftly: "Production of ball-bearings is being carried out in a building three miles to the north of the main plant."

Young Man Who Knew

Once more the reconnaissance Mosquitoes swooped over Steyr, taking photos with chloryll-filter, stereoscopic and colour cameras, and other of our latest devices. The Interpretation Unit could detect nothing on the developed plates, except meadows and farms, and rows of barracks housing some 15,000 foreign workers.

Just at the moment when the trail came to this dead-end the home section of British Military Intelligence, under Major-General F. H. N. Davidson, "picked up" in Scotland a young Pole who had volunteered for the Free Polish Army after he had been captured in North Africa; his story when he was captured was that he had been press-ganged into the German Army after having been employed as a lorry-driver at Steyr.

Realising the possible importance of this man, British Intelligence dressed him in civilian clothes and hurried him to London on a night train. Here he was taken to see a remarkable American, Mr. I. N. Pincus, head of the Enemy Objectives Unit of the American forces.

Finger on the Spot

Mr. Pincus, a brilliant analyst and economic expert, who is known to the whole of American Intelligence simply as "Nat," worked as a civilian among high-ranking officers in an administrative block in Berkeley Square. He was the brains behind the American pin-point bombing of German industrial objectives.

Mr. Pincus produced aerial photos of the Steyr neighbourhood and showed them to the Pole. "Show us where the ball-bearing plant is," he said. The Pole shook his head helplessly; he could not understand the aerial photos.

Patiently, the Intelligence officers pointed out landmarks and roads. Gradually the young man found his bearings and grew excited. "This is the place!" he exclaimed. "Eighteen months ago I was driving my lorry down this road here."

"Where is the ball-bearing plant?" they asked eagerly. There was a dead silence as he puckered his brow. Then he put his finger on the photo of the suppose engine-plant.

"But it can't be that," protested one of the officers. "The industrial experts we called in identified these as engine test-beds. They even showed us the typical square flues which test-beds always have in Germany."

The Pole persisted. He was able to point out the ring shop, the cage shop and assembly plant, the despatch house, administration block, and even the foreman's outbuildings where he had been paid each week.

The officers whistled. It was obvious that the Germans had gone to the elaborate length of building the new ball-bearing plant in the exact lay-out of a comparatively low-priority target factory.

The ingenious part of this idea was that the enemy then had no need to conceal the transport to and from the new factory or the large number of workers who toiled there; it transpired that the camouflaged factory employed more than 5,000 people.

The factory was immediately moved up into the first-rank target class, and in April last year it was flattened in a great daylight raid.

Mr. Eden's Warning

This story is an object-lesson for the future. Whatever form of Government is eventually installed in Germany, we shall require to use the keenest vigilance to make sure we are not cheated a second time.

Mr. Anthony Eden, speaking in the House last September, spoke of certain documents which had come to light as "a devastating indictment of German sincerity from the very beginning in fulfilling any of the disarmament stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. Evasion and obstruction were practised ingeniously and universally at all possible points."

This time it will not suffice that we make periodic inspection of barracks and factories, and are fobbed off with faked books and accounts. We must have a vigilant corps of Security and Intelligence officers at work in Germany.

Special aerial maps were assembled to form a complete picture—but they told the experts nothing

Once again the marvellous giant cameras were loaded into reconnaisance Mosquitoes—could they solve the mystery?

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Letter from a Job-hunter

On a windy day recently a sheet of notepaper fluttered in at my window. It was a letter addressed to the Personnel Manager of the Society for Losing the Peace, and was written by a being known as the Spirit of Free Enterprise. It read as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I beg to offer my services for a position on the staff of your excellent organisation. I have had vast experience in the business world, but, owing to my principles not being considered the best means of uniting the nation and securing maximum production, I have been almost unemployed during the last five years. In fact, I have only been able to keep going by helping to run the Black Market.

As to my qualifications, you have only to look at a few items from my pre-war record before all these controls put a stop to my work. Only the other day in the House of Commons, Major Lloyd George, the Minister of Fuel, pointed out how damaging controls have been to my activities when he said, in a speech on the mining industry, "The rate of decline in output would have been far greater if the control had not been set up by the Government in 1942."

THE RESULTS of my system in the mines before the war must be well known to you. However, I should like to mention that in 1921 I was able, with the freedom then allowed to me, to cut the miner's earnings almost in half in the short space of one year.

My past record shines particularly brightly in the field of employment. I gave men the glorious freedom to work where they liked and at any job they liked. At one time there were some 3,000,000 people in the country who were out of work but free to find any job they liked. It was unfortunate that large numbers of those who were in work had been forced to take jobs they didn't like in order to feed their families.

If the Society for Losing the Peace wants to see how women appreciate my activities, watch them as they look in shop windows at the things which I can supply when not hampered by controls—furs, hats, peaches, cosmetics, non-Utility furniture, and so on. How the average woman longs for them and wishes she could pay the prices asked.

I FEEL SURE I can be of help in dealing with the housing muddle. Before the war I ran up in no time thousands of small houses on the outskirts of almost every town. Some people, of course had to continue to live in slums because they couldn't afford the new houses. Already many of these new houses are falling to pieces, and this will provide new scope for building enterprise and work for returning Servicemen.

The Government valued my pre-war work on the railways so highly that they guaranteed the companies a profit of £40,000,000 yearly. I see that there is a plan to raise fares again in the peace years, which is a further good step. I sincerely hope that, should this letter impress you favourably, you will let me help you with post-war air travel.

Finally, I feel confident that, with my ability and the excellent machinery of the Society for Losing the Peace, we could quickly bring about a return to those happy conditions of the days before the war, and perhaps even lay down a few preliminary plans to paving the way for another war in the future.—Yours faithfully, (MR.) F. ENTERPRISE.

Free Speech

Cares for the "Caretakers"

Letters for the B.L.A. Reserved for wounded. Service snobbery. Friendly farewell. Revolution and evolution. Is the "Fourteenth" still forgotten?

THEY CALL THIS MIXED Tory bunch that is in power until the Election a Caretaker Government. May I point out a few crazy contradictions that might well be taken care of without delay?

FOOD.—We're all longing for fish. We read about it being plentiful. Few of us get near any without enormous inconvenience, yet fish is dumped back into the sea because of transport difficulties.

HOMES.—Just when the men in uniform are beginning to come back to join in the search for houses, the bomb repair men have their hours cut down from sixty to fifty-four a week

JOBS.—The redundancy notices go out to factory workers. They promptly find themselves other jobs and just as promptly are refused permission to take them by the National Service Officers.

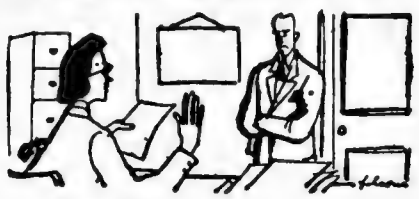
As if all this wasn't bad enough, the public-houses contrive to remain closed. This is just as well for the "Caretakers," otherwise some revolt would be planned in the "Poor Man's Parliament" while we're waiting for some common-sense from Westminster.—J. R. M., Great Tichfield Street, W.1.

Late Letters Again

SINCE VE-DAY it doesn't seem so important to boost the morale of the men with the B.L.A. Before we won, mail was delivered at top speed. A letter which, in the height of battle, took three days to complete its journey now takes six to eight days.—L.A.C. J. SKIPPER, R.A.F., B.L.A.

Suddenly Too Old

FOR MORE THAN FOUR YEARS I was a roof spotter, doing twelve hours a day up aloft. Though I am now sixty-five, there was never any question of my not



"Now it's the same old story"

being able to do the job. Hundreds of lives depended on my alertness.

But now it's the same old story again. A job for which I applied the other day was refused me. They couldn't take anyone over fifty-five.—J. W. HAYNES, 56, Coverts Road, Claygate, Surrey.

To Be or Not . . .

AS GERMANY tottered to its end there was a good deal of publicity for the chief Nazi suicides. As far as I could see no one seemed to criticise the action of taking one's own life. The moral issue has not been adequately raised.

The opposing views on it have been well expressed by Cicero and Voltaire. Says Cicero: "That divine principle that rules within us forbids us to leave this world without the order of the Divinity." To that, Voltaire replies: "When we have lost everything, when we have no more hope, life is a disgrace and death a duty."—E. ROBERTS, 71, Victoria Road, New Barnet, Herts.

Scottish Hotels

THERE HAVE BEEN many comments about the high charges made by some hotels in Scotland. I run a hotel myself and I have to agree that, for the accommodation offered, charges are, in many cases, disgraceful. Greedy hotel-keepers, who take advantage of the shortage of accommodation, do much harm to Scottish interests. Most of us are anxious that the reputation of Scottish hotels should attract a large peace-time tourist trade.

But half our hotels are still requisitioned, and we have so far gained little assistance from official sources. One catering director recently said at a meeting in Glasgow that the Government should call in experts right away and not—as in the coal industry—thirty years later when the industry was at a low ebb. Proper moves now would make employment for thousands of men and women now coming out of the Services. —HOTELIER, Glasgow.

Tea-Room Tantrum

IN THE TEA-ROOM at Euston Station a naval officer sat alone at a table for four. A petty officer, apparently with

He walked out

his wife and daughter, came in, looked for a table, and saw the only available three seats.

As soon as they sat down the naval officer jumped up, called the petty officer to one side, and quite obviously told him off. We heard the P.O. saying, "It's a public tea-room, sir." I and others were glad to see the snobbish officer walk out.—MRS. J. M. CADMAN, 5, Ardmore Avenue, Guildford, Surrey.

Thanks, England

AFTER FOUR YEARS OVER HERE I shall soon be going home to Australia, and I would like to say farewell through JOHN BULL. I have many tales to tell the folks back home of things which haven't appeared in the headlines.

I'll tell them of a married woman who was buried for three hours in the ruins of her bombed house and who, within two months, was back at work doing a man's job in a war factory. I'll tell them about another pretty young woman who contracted a serious illness after working three years as a welder in a tank factory. She never earned a medal, but I think that she and girls like her are entitled to the highest honour.

No matter where I have travelled in my four years in England, whether in isolated villages or big cities, I have always met friendliness and a desire to please. I only hope that British Service men and women receive the same good treatment in Australia. I intend to do my bit to ensure that. Good-bye, England, good luck, and thanks a lot.—F/Sgt. C. A. A., R.A.A.F. (Address supplied.)

Old Masters

I CANNOT HELP WISHING that every big town would dedicate one cinema to our old favourites. Once in a great while an old favourite does return, but not often enough. We like to re-read certain books over again. Why must such pictures as "Naughty Marietta." "Rose Marie" and "Maytime" vanish, never to be seen again?—L. A., Leyton, E.10.

Revolution Cut Short

NOT LONG AGO I attended a lecture by one of our Russian friends. He talked about the organisation of his country and was most interesting. "In Britain," he said, "you seem to be leaving out the R's in your language as in the words butta and dinna. In Russia we cannot do this, and we have not left out the R in revolution. I think you are leaving the R out in Britain, but you're doing quite well with the evolution."

It was pleasing to hear such a remark from an onlooker. I sincerely hope that we do evolve a country in which we can say good-bye to poverty and squalor.—CHARLES LEWIS, 34, Brunswick Street, Leek, Staffs.

No Party Man

I HAVE NO USE for Party politics and I cannot understand why, if each Party is out to do its best for the country, it should matter which Party gets in. In fact, when a Party gets a majority it seems to forget the country. And in the Opposition are men of outstanding ability wasting their brains and time.

During the war the best brains were called in irrespective of Party, and the result was a reasonably good job. Why cannot we continue with the same method and run things like a successful business? — J. CHADWICK, Congleton Road, Scholar Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

Hair To-Do

AS THE POSSESSOR of an unruly mop of hair, I have been in a little war of my own. I became a probationer nurse, and found it was no easy matter to perch a small cap on my head and look tidy. One sister in particular was a

"A little war of my own"

tartar on this hair business, and each time she saw me I was blitzed.

I thought I should have to wear a bedsheet to cover my mop or have it shaved off. I compromised by having it cut short. The result was worse! My hair stuck out straight and even hair-grips did the jumping-out trick so quickly that soon the last one disappeared and there was no hope of replacement.

Fortunately, my hair grew quickly and one glorious day I tried the stocking-top style. I stuck a stocking-top on my head, tucked my Irish inheritance round it, put on my little cap and rushed to the mirror. Result—lovely for duty or for time off! No address, please, or bang goes my security.—P/N, M.B., Northumberland.

New Library Use

I WAS PLEASED TO SEE the letter (JOHN BULL, May 19) in which the writer tells how he "discovered" the usefulness of his public library. This letter raises larger, and as yet almost entirely

"The big laugh comes when he drops it!"

unexplored, issues than the mere use of a library as such.

Could not our public libraries whether small or large, be used as local centres for community life, especially in those numerous places where no other accommodation exists for debating societies, youth clubs, play-reading circles, and the like? In the fine new libraries which we hope to get as part of the many post-war building schemes, accommodation and equipment for such activities could be incorporated from the beginning.—G. LANGLEY, 44, Chestnut Avenue, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

What Spells Brains?

MY EXPERIENCE OF SPELLERS, good, bad and monstrous, suggests that a high standard of intelligence and good spelling have not necessarily much in common. Really brainy people are often only moderate spellers, and, just as often, a man without a spark of brilliance easily handles such nasty words as antirrhinum, fuchsia, and such. In any case, does spelling matter very much? — MRS. F. G., Urmston, Manchester.

"More Publicity, Please"

MUST THE FOURTEENTH ARMY still be the Forgotten Army? They are mentioned last in the wireless news bulletins, and all the newspapers can afford for their exploits is a small bit near the bottom of the page. It seems that only people like myself with a relative out East remember what is being suffered and done.—MRS. MARTIN, 153, Bluebell Hill, Nottingham.

Dockers' Perquisites

THOSE OF US WHO HAVE SPENT a lifetime within easy reach of Dockland could not dispute your statements about the appalling dishonesty among some dockers. (JOHN BULL, May 5.) But perhaps you don't know the part some foremen play in it all. Though one of a minority, a foreman may, at the end of a heavy day, "reward" his men with a gift of, say, a couple of tins of salmon or condensed milk.

The men cannot be excused for accepting these things, but the "donors" must also take their share of blame for pilfering. Unfortunately, this system of "rewards" is regarded as the attribute of the "decent, square-deal" type of boss.—J. GRAVE, 11, New Hall Avenue, Broughton Park, Salford, 7.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

THEY OPENED THE CAGE

Everyone at some time has to cross the gulf between anticipation and reality—but what happens when the adjustment has to be made by a man newly released from Germany?

by DOUGLAS BABER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

"Then you've been a prisoner ever since?" The barman whistled

THE WHOLE SCENE was exactly as he had pictured it so often during the past four years.

Standing a moment, he watched it all, remembering again the countless times he had promised himself that little pleasure. He stared at the thick lines of traffic racing round the Circus, the familiar landmarks high above, the glittering pinpoints of light in the traffic as the sun caught polished surfaces and flashed back in momentary glittering stars, at tall red buses dwarfing the slick cars crowding their bases like yapping hounds. The smell was the same, too; a dry, acrid dust that filtered in behind the nostrils and irritated the throat just as it had done in the past.

His feelings were disappointing, though. Always he had imagined that the elation and contentment in being there again would prove overpowering, but instead was a feeling of nostalgia and loneliness as though some trusted friend had cheated him.

Abstractedly he stared at the crowds hurrying by. There were many uniforms he did not recognise, snatches of conversation in tongues completely unfamiliar to him. He heard their laughter, noted their confidence and sureness of carriage in the way they brushed past idlers.

They're completely at home, he thought, it's their city now

Looking at his watch he turned and walked slowly along Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner.

Suddenly he caught the odour of newly cut grass and thought of Margaret down in the country, the Margaret he had last seen standing in a lane by the aerodrome over four years ago He remembered her quite clearly, standing by the trees and waving frantically as he flew low over the boundary on what was to be his last raid of the war.

A set of traffic lights flickered red. When the traffic halted he crossed the road, his stomach contracting nervously as some impatient driver thumbed a long blare on his horn. He realised then in what a bad condition were his nerves, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that these nerves were directly responsible for the way he felt.

HE WALKED up a side street beyond the Park Lane and pushed through the glass swing-doors of the Cavendish Bar. Inside the doors he paused for a moment, watching the scene and enjoying the exquisite sensation of once more seeing in reality a place which had provided him with so many happy memories.

It was the same old bar lounge, with the familiar pair of surrealist etchings on the right wall. The same blue carpet, too, with a depression in the left corner, up by the bar, to remind him where the florin fruit machine had once stood. The barman was there, old Jimmie, polishing his eternal glasses behind the chromium lager pump.

Climbing on a stool he waited to see if the barman would recognise him. He watched Jimmie walk towards him and stop half way, eyebrows climbing in astonishment. The man came on then, one hand outstretched over the counter.

"Mister Anderson," Jimmie said. "Good God, sir, seein' you again after all this time. We thought you was dead . . . killed. Didn't reckon on seein' you here again."

"I'm very gratified to find someone still knows me." Anderson said. "All the other places were strange, kind of empty. Not an old face in any of them."

"The other places?"

"The places I used in the old days. You know, the old haunts during the *blitz*. I can't find a soul I know."

"Too true," the barman said. "I'm sure I don't know where they get to. Maybe they're all gone. You'd think to see some of the old customers, now it's all over, but I ain't seen one in months. What'll you have, sir? On me, for old time's sake!"

"Brandy. I'll have brandy and soda, Jimmie."

Waiters moved between the seated people in the room. Anderson turned his head, and moved his arm as a girl climbed on the stool beside him. He watched her lean forward to call the barman.

FROM THE CORNER of his eyes Anderson studied the girl as she drank. Her hair was dark against the pale profile, her lips red and moist from the drink she had just taken.

Anderson felt a curious tenseness inside him, and against his folded arms his hands trembled nervously. He turned gratefully as Jimmie squirted soda into the glasses.

"Well, here's luck, sir," he heard the barman say. "And by the way, what did happen to you, if you don't mind my asking?"

"They shot me down," Anderson said.

"Shot down? What, over there?"

"Yes, over there."

"Then you've been a prisoner ever since?" The barman whistled. "By God, that must be all of three years."

"Four," Anderson said. He took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one from the match Jimmie held over.

"Four," repeated Jimmie. He shook his head. "I had eleven months of it last time, and that did me. How did they treat you?"

Anderson shrugged his shoulders, losing interest in the conversation. He knew without turning his head that the girl was watching him, listening to all he said. He felt her eyes and her steady attention. His heart beat quickly and the tenseness spread to his stomach. Quickly he passed his tongue over his lips. From the packet beside his glass he took a cigarette and lit it from the glowing butt of the other. If any girl can do this, he thought, how am I going to be with Margaret? With Margaret. . . .

"—— and that's what it was," the barman's voice came clearly, breaking into his thoughts.

"What? What were you saying?" Anderson asked.

"I was askin' how they treated you," said the barman. He noticed the tired droop of Anderson's mouth, the small premature lines fanning out from the corner of the eyes. Bad, the barman thought. I'll bet it was bad.

"Much the same as you last time, I imagine," Anderson told him. "You know how they behave."

Jimmie nodded, scratching the side of his nose with a thumb. "Yep, I know, all right. Eleven months, me. But four years: Hell's bells." Jimmie leaned back from the bar and nodded to his assistant. "I got to go and serve a gent, but don't you go yet. I'll be back directly."

Anderson sat, feeling the eyes on him still. Turning his head sharply, he caught the girl examining him interestedly. She smiled.

"I hope you didn't mind my listening, but I could hardly help it, you know."

He smiled nervously, clearing his throat. "No, no, not at all."

The girl laughed, sensing his nervousness, trying to put him at his ease. The cigarette in his fingers moved in tiny spasmodic jerks. He stared at his glass, concentrating on the flash of light in the amber liquid, hoping the girl would be unable to read the thoughts he felt sure must be in his eyes.

"I imagine you find things pretty different?" she asked.

Eagerly he caught the question, forcing his mind to think about it. "Yes, they are different: very different. I can't just place it, though. Can't quite see what has changed so incredibly." He spoke quickly, uneasily, aware of his unbalanced emotions.

The girl smiled sympathetically. "You mean not knowing anyone, and all these foreigners about?"

"Yes, yes, partly that, but something else, too. Something—something in the air. It doesn't make much sense, does it?"

Looking for a moment in her eyes, he imagined he caught a fleeting reflection of his own, intent and strained. And something else, something which brought a flush to the cheeks of the girl. He felt a touch on his arm, and looking down saw the slender hand with thin platinum ring beside the hard brilliancy of a minute diamond cluster.

"It's quite all right," she said. "I know how it must have been, cut away from everything like that. But tell me——" her voice was soft, interested. "How did they really behave? I mean, were they kind to you, considerate and everything?"

For a moment he sat motionless. He was filled with a sullen desire to tell her how it really was, to drop the barriers for a few mad minutes and see what effect the truth would have upon her.

KIND AND CONSIDERATE, he repeated to himself. My God, if I told her what really happened!

If I explained what it did to you to be locked away behind wire for years on end, not knowing when or how it was all going to finish. Living herded together like animals, eight, ten, twenty, ninety men eating, living, sleeping, laughing, cursing in a solid mass; watching one another with disgust, with tolerance, with hate. And if I told her how some of them couldn't stand it any longer and threw themselves in a fit of madness against that very wire which kept them from sanity.

Or if I said how it was when we changed camps, the long lines of grey faces, standing at dawn to be searched and forced forty at a time into cattle-trucks, forced at rifle-point to crush together in the filthy darkness. And the arrival to more wire, more guards, more guns lined up the danger strips, more overcrowded badly lit rooms, more

Short Story

familiar melodies on broken-down gramophones which tore your heart with beautiful, painful memories and later filled you with rage and hate, more small theatre shows and the strange silences when some young officer came on dressed as a girl, more precious years broken and thrown away, more waiting for the mail that never comes, for rations, for news, for straws to clutch, for some little hope, for the end.

SUDDENLY THE MEMORY faded. He was back again, back to the bar, to a quiet murmer of conversation, a burst of laughter the splash of a soda-syphon.

Beside him the girl sat staring curiously, anxiously. He drew a long breath and smiled at her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "To let my mind wander like that, I mean."

Over her glass the eyes of the girl showed relief. "I was just saying that my husband is meeting me for lunch, and would you care to join us?"

"It's very good of you," Anderson said. "But I'm driving out to the country to join my wife. She doesn't know I'm on my way yet. They didn't let her know, you see."

"Have you wired, or anything?"

"No. I haven't. I want to enjoy the surprise."

"Well," the girl said. "You'll have a honey-moon all over again. It'll be lovely for you both."

"I hope so." Awkwardly Anderson climbed from his stool and held out his hand. "Well, good-bye, and thank you very much."

"For what?" The girl laughed. "Good-bye, and I hope you both have a splendid reunion."

Anderson turned from the bar and the girl called him back. In her hand she held his cigarettes and lighter. "You're forgetting . . . and worrying," she added.

He looked at her a moment. "Don't do any worrying," she said. "It'll be a little strange to begin with, but after . . . just very lovely."

Anderson watched her to see if she joked with him.

Her eyes were serious, her mouth attractive in its gravity. "I know, because it's happened to me. One worries and thinks it might be different. You know, sort of strangers, and wondering if things have changed."

She shook her head faintly. "They don't, and it's all fresh and young and exciting because you have to get to know one another again."

OUTSIDE, ANDERSON signalled a taxi and drove to the Lex garage. He rode up the elevator to where his father had left him the car. By three o'clock he was well clear of London, driving fast in the sun towards the high chain of hills in the distance.

A picture came into his mind—a darker scene of an evening the year before.

Dark stone corridors, groups of prisoners muffled in their greatcoats crowding the stove to find a little warmth, rows of lockers throwing shadows across the lines of double-tier bunks.

Once more he was there, with the figures in their tight circle, moving every minute to allow the next link in the despondent chain to lean with his back to the stove. They were waiting for the last count, he remembered. Awaiting the sudden inrush of guards to check them, the final period of shouting and cursing before being allowed the temporary solitude of their wooden bunks.

Their voices subdued by the cold, they were discussing how it would be when they reached home. Endlessly they talked of the changes they might see, the possibilities of everything being the same, as they had known it, or the probability of things being different, so that they, returning to their homes, would feel uncertain and bewildered.

"Don't forget, it may be the other way," said one man, a great figure with a dark shadow of beard across his chin. "It may turn out that changes at home are only superficial things. Necessary changes in time of war. Perhaps it will be us who are changed. And, if it is us, we may not understand for a time. We'll find everything a little cold and hostile, not sympathetic enough towards us, not sufficiently interested in our troubles.

"Don't forget that at present we're forgotten, except by a few intimates. It will take some little thing we know, or some person who understands us, to show us the way to return to our sense of proportion."

THE VOICE DIED in his ears, but the words lingered uneasily in his memory. The low, grimy walls with their long scars of moisture fell away, and again he drove on the highway between fresh trees in the evening sun.

The hills were close now, and full of colour. He drove down a narrow lane, turning a right-angle before the small gates of the cottage. For a moment he was breathless. He stopped the car, turning off the engine and hearing nothing but the small sounds of country in the evening. He stepped from the car and crossed the road to the gate before the house. Opening it, he walked slowly up the flagged path.

As he walked, he forced himself to be calm, telling himself once again that he must be ready to understand anything. He experienced fear, too. So much depended on these few minutes.

Quickly he looked up as the door of the cottage opened. Before him, at the door, stood Margaret. His footsteps faltered, stopped. For a moment the evening, to him, was silent, and in that silence was the weight of a lifetime. The girl looked over to him, smiling. Suddenly she ran towards him.

She smiled, and the smile was softly in her eyes and in the tiny quiver of her lips.

"I knew you would come very soon," she whispered. "I just knew it. And I've got the beer you like—you remember the beer? Oh, darling, darling, the little blue labels on the bottles?"

He stared down at the face so close to his, at the eyes forcing back brilliant tears which to him reflected the joy she found between them. In his heart was the old happiness, the feeling of timelessness he had always known with her. Slowly they walked to his cottage door, and in the distance stood the hills, solid, unchanged landmarks in the evening sky.

A Roof Over Your Head

The society in which we live is the villain of Bill Naughton's life story — a struggle against the horrors of peace

WHEN BILL AND NAN had pawned every spare piece of clothing they turned to the bedding. After the bedding, the cutlery, and, in the end, they came hard up against the reality of poverty.

They had one knife left. "We had a sort of soup-stew for supper, with meat and bones and vegetables. It just meant the fingers had to come in. We hadn't a single spoon. A bit messy at first, but you get used to it. It has a new old taste, eating with fingers. I used a matchbox for scooping sugar into my tea. I didn't look for anything to stir it with."

Then came the final tragedy. Bill felt it as he came back into the house that night. . . .

"What's the matter? What's on you all, so quiet?"

"It's the knife, Bill," Nan said. "It's gone."

The last small link with a civilised way of life had vanished. After that they cut the meat for the stew with scissors.

They peeled potatoes with a piece of slate. One of the children bit the carrots into the right size. And when that meal was done they had no idea of where the next one could come from.

Rough-and-Ready Wisdom

Bill Naughton's book, *A Roof Over Your Head* (Pilot Press, 7s. 6d.), tells a terrible story of one man's struggle against poverty, unemployment, and, behind it all, a system which pushed him down again every time he came to the surface.

The book achieves two very different things. It is a shattering social document and, at the same time, a piece of literature.

The small things and the big are explored. They are explored by an artist, a workman artist who taught himself to write in the hardest possible schools.

Episodes like the lost knife make up the small things. Comments like this make the big: "A man imagines there is a protective society grown strong around him. A great tree of Civilisation, Law, Churches . . . Democracy and Decency. . . . He feels safe against injustice among all these. They wouldn't see a family dragged down in starvation. But when the man goes to speak to this society it is not as he imagined."

Bill Naughton was squeezed by the cold fist of society until there wasn't much left. But he is not bitter. Even when he appeared before a Means Test committee and told them he was drawing 25s. 3d. a week to keep a family of three, and they said his allowance would be cut by 4s., he did not get bitter.

Squeezed dry by the cold hand of Society—just because he was unemployed

Even when he had a job and his week's holiday came round it was not a holiday. The men decided to work on because they hadn't any money to go away. One of the men summed it up by saying, "It's not a bloody holiday if they don't pay you for it. What it is, is just the bloody sack for a week."

A "Home" But No Job

The rough-and-ready wisdom of the men Naughton met is very telling, but it is not Naughton's way to do more than record it as it was said. He has learnt that hard lesson which forces a man to co-operate with the inevitable.

That may be all right from the personal point of view. It is not from the social. This book places on record the terrible things which can still happen to a man in modern society from sheer lack of national planning.

Resources are there sufficient to give every man a reasonable way of life. To-day they are still mishandled, and Bill Naughton's story is one result.

Naughton's story has more than social injustice and tragedy in it. It has a natural beauty, a poetry close to the writing of the Irish author, Sean O'Casey.

"A roof over your head"—that was a thing which once conditioned Bill Naughton's whole life. "It's an awful lost feeling for a man and a woman to carry around—this having no place of their own. The way I used to watch, watch the other men . . . coming out of the door of their own homes, and my heart would cry out. A home of your own what more need life give?"

In the end, Naughton got a semblance of a roof over his head, in a crazy house with a cracked wall. But then there was no work again and the landlord clamouring for the rent.

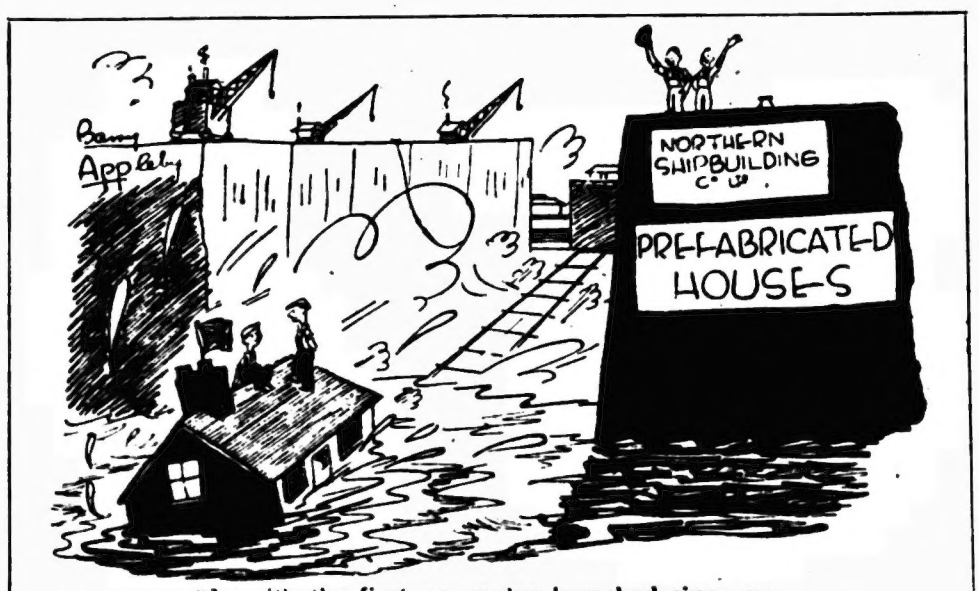
We have an ambitious programme for great new housing estates to-day. They will be useless if unemployment prevents people living in them.

This may make Naughton's book sound dreary and depressing. In fact, it is not. Naughton rode his troubles with an astonishing equanimity.

He keeps his balance, he toughens, and, in the end, the labourer becomes a writer. He sweats through long hours of the night, and, at last, this remarkable book is published.

We must see that the post-war world we are now planning never again uses a man as Naughton has been used.

VINCENT BROME.



"Yes, it's the first one we've launched since we turned over to this new building programme"

Watch Germany Or . . .

SOUND advice, pithily expressed by Mr. S. Curry (141, Springfield Road, Kearsley, Lancs), brought him a £200 cheque from *John Bull*. Here are the simple but telling words which made him First Prize-winner in *Bullets* 1,476 : Germany Of To-morrow—In Cage, In Case !

This week's prizes value over £350 invite you to make good use of your coupon below. And for Double *Bulletin* enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope.

WIN a "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

£100 CASH FIRST plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END

£20, £10, 10 of £6, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 4, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BATSMAN WINSTON
TO KEEP THE PEACE
VOTES
ON RECONSTRUCTION'S ROAD
OUR RATIONS
GRAND AND GLORIOUS
THE OLD FOLKS
DISAPPEARED
FLOWERY SPEECH
AT A SAFE DISTANCE
DYNAMITE
JUST FANCY
FATHER'S POLITICS
FORCE OF HABIT
TO HELP THE HOUSEWIFE
ALWAYS GRUMBLING
FUNNY STUFF
GLAD TO BE BACK
SLIPPED THROUGH
FIRST IN THE QUEUE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

BRITANNIA'S .....
IN SIGHT OF .....
SPEAKS FOR .....
CLEARED THE .....
IN ..... GARDEN
SAVED FROM .....

£100 plus RADIO—"BULLETS" 1,478

MRS. SHERLOCK, 40, GREENLEAF ST., LIVERPOOL

A GOOD DAY'S WORK — WHEN "ARSENALS" TACKLE "VILLAS."

£20 plus Radio : J. W. Dockray, 55, Hadrian Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Spearhead Of Progress—Bearing Which Party's Pennon ?

£10 plus Radio : Pte. A. Leigh, c/o 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walney.
Hand Of German—Outstretched ? Put Shovel In !

10 of £5 :
J. R. Clifton, 118, Chequer Rd., Doncaster.
Looking For A Whale—Of Job, Influential Shrimp !
W. E. Dawson, 10, Grimeford Lane, Anderton, Nr. Chorley.
Looking For A Full—Life—First Essential, "Vacancy."
H. Duckett, Cuckoo Corner, Mells, Frome.
A Good Day's Work—Free "Evening"—Happy Life !
Mrs. Ebury, Glendon, 84, Birstall Road, Red Hill, Leicester.
A Good Day's Work—Three Queues—Two Kippers !
W. Logie, 9, Findlay Cotts., Edinburgh.
Proudly Displayed — Britons' "Backbone" — Ribs Seen ?
J. W. McKay, 65, Algernon Street, Warrington.
Proudly Displayed—V.C.'s Tattoo Marks !
F. E. Morris, 3, Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20.
Clearly Visible—Japan Isn't "Super Fortress."
Gnr. J. Reid, c/o 11, Meadvale Road, Knighton, Leicester.
Spearhead Of Progress—Blunting Itself Against "Tin" ?
D. M. Sinclair, Broom Lodge, Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, Scotland.
Round Victory Corner—Auntie, Proudly "Occupying" Vicarage.
E. Thompson, 23, Cambridge Road, Bridgend, Glam.
They Call It Beer, But—Diviner's Walking-stick Performs Jitterbug !

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

THERE 625 CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD 430. WINNING WORDS—1. Stick. 2. Lint. 3. Mass. 4. Leak. 5. Kindly. 6. Band. 7. Toil. 8. Wing. 9. Full. 10. Bulk. 11. Barn. 12. Blue. 13. Lot. 14. Patch.

5/5 SHARERS—Mrs. H. A. Chilvers, 6, Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich ; L. F. Chilvers, 6, Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich ; E. Day, 15, Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants.

RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value 625 shared between 19 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Fruit Cake.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON : "BULLETS" No.1,482, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,482
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 18

For JUNE 30 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

CHOOSING A HOBBY FOR RETIREMENT

Teaching an adult to read. Facts about Government training schemes. Appeal to leave job. Emigration to New Zealand. Income tax after discharge from Forces

"CAN YOU HELP ME to decide upon a hobby? I am about to retire after forty-seven years' service, and I feel that I must have something to do to save me from rusting away. I am in fairly good health, live in a country town, and am not beyond a little manual toil. I detest gardening and am no lover of books. I know a certain amount about dogs and rabbits. I shall welcome any suggestions."

You have told me what you don't like, but have not given much idea of the direction in which your interests lie. Perhaps one of the following may appeal to you—carpentry and wood-carving, pottery-making, fishing, bee-keeping, playing bowls, chess or draughts. Many men have found a hobby late in life in drawing and painting, and, even if the result is not great art, the pleasure *to them* is deeply satisfying.

Since you have expert knowledge of dogs and rabbits, have you thought of breeding as a hobby? This might become a source of additional income.

But, first of all, make some new friends with men in your position. It is quite likely that you will find helpful suggestions from them which have not yet occurred to you.

"I HAVE BEEN engaged to my fiancée for several months. Recently I could tell that something was worrying her, and one evening she almost broke down when she told me that she was unable to read. I think the world of her, and naturally I want to help her. Where can I get suitable books? She won't go to an evening school. I am afraid that she feels so badly about this that it may stand between us."

Don't worry—this difficulty can be rapidly surmounted. The average adult can learn to read in about two months. Illiteracy is not as uncommon as you think. An investigation in 1939 showed that some 1,800,000 people in the country cannot read at all, or can only read the most elementary words. The Army authorities have found that 2½ per cent. of entrants are illiterate, but most can quickly be taught.

Half the battle is that she *wants* to learn to read, and that you can be the one to teach her. I wouldn't advise you to use books of the "school" type.

Get her interested in picture papers where there is only a little reading matter. Comic strips in the daily papers would also be helpful. Read the text slowly with her and let her read it back. You will find that after she can read a little bit with help, she will suddenly go ahead quite fast on her own.

"I WAS INTERESTED to hear of the booklet for Servicemen regarding training schemes to be set up by the Government. My husband in the B.L.A. has no job to return to after the war. I am therefore keen for him to take advantage of opportunities for training.

"He tells me that the other men do not seem interested in the scheme. The attitude of several is that they have no faith in it being useful. Others think that the Government would direct trainees to work in any part of the country or abroad?"

The Government is trying to prevent the unemployment that followed the last war. Their training schemes are not only genuine but practicable.

A very large number of subjects is covered, but naturally it is not possible to have a training centre for every subject in every town. A man might, therefore, have to take his training away from home, but a living allowance is payable during that period, including allowances for dependants.

After his training is complete, every endeavour will be made to find a man a job in the area in which he wants to work. This is not guaranteed, however, largely because of regional considerations. It would obviously be a waste of time to try to place a trained man in an area where there was no demand for his services when there were jobs going elsewhere.

There is no suggestion that trainees will be compulsorily directed to move in any part of the country or abroad.

Your husband will be issued with a booklet entitled "Release and Resettlement." This explains the Serviceman's rights and what is being done to help him to get back into civilian life. If he needs guidance in choosing a career before he is released, he can obtain information about possible jobs by asking his Commanding Officer for a booklet entitled "Careers for Men and Women."

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prises value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. A woman may put different complexion on—FAC□. 2. Rejecting highly-coloured ones is a sign of good taste—T□LES. 3. You will probably be able to make one without brass—□ID. 4. May provide excellent sport—CRA□K. 5. White ones sometimes don't look so well later—□IES. 6. Pots are sometimes wonderfully thin—FLU□ED. 7. There are some people made to feel depressed and heavy by—□OOD. 8. Average foreman does this more than his men do—BA□KS. 9. This is often a waste of something valuable—□OAF. 10. End of European war was probably welcomed even by—□AT. 11. Builders are required to do this on some jobs—STA□. 12. Can become most objectionable—□IP. 13. There are designs on these on very special occasions—ST□MPS. 14. Sudden upheaval can destroy orderly progress of—A□TS.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated June 30 with *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, June 18.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 434, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 430 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Fixing Rents

T. N., Hinckley : If the rooms are let to you furnished, the landlady may increase the rent after giving one week's notice. If the rooms are unfurnished, the rent is controlled and should be a proportion of the rent and rates of the whole house.

The rent of the whole house would be the rent paid prior to the house being purchased by the landlady. In case of dispute, the matter may be referred to the Registrar of the County Court for a proper rent to be fixed.

M. A., Hull : Article 5 of the Essential Work (Building and Civil Engineering) Order gives a right of appeal to the local Appeal Board against the National Service Officers' refusal to grant permission to leave.

The appeal must be made within four days of the date of that Officer's decision, or "within such further period as a National Service Officer may for good cause in any particular case allow."

R. L., Maidenhead : At the moment, it is not possible to give you any indication as to the policy of the New Zealand Government regarding migration. There are three main reasons for this : (1) The rehabilitation of New Zealand ex-Servicemen, which must be the initial task of the Government; (2) the acute shortage of houses in New Zealand; (3) the difficult transport position. Berths on ships are not likely to be available for ordinary passengers for some considerable time.

F. J., Sudbury, and others : The Minister of Health has delegated to the clerks to local authorities power to requisition houses and flats which the owners do not intend to occupy or let, so that they may be let to persons inadequately housed.

E. N., Holloway : There is no authority for the statement, which appears to be quite widespread, that an ex-Serviceman is allowed six months "free of tax" after his discharge from the Forces. The foundation for the rumour is probably the fact that, if the taxpayer's Service pay is less than the income tax allowance to which he is entitled (which is nearly always so where he is a married man with children) he will generally be exempt for some months after taking up civilian employment.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

When Craftsman Smith becomes Mr. Smith

he'll still insist on using

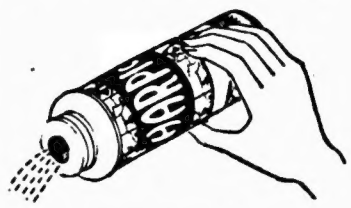
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep his shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof.

In Black, Brown and Tonette.

CB/DT

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

Alasil

ASPIRIN WITH A DIFFERENCE

The New Improved form of Aspirin

ASPIRIN (acetylsalicylic acid) is the most widely used medicament for the relief of pain. 'Alasil' is aspirin, but with an important difference. In 'Alasil' Tablets aspirin of the best quality is allied with 'Alocol'—a powerful antacid and stomach sedative.

Because of this scientific combination 'Alasil' Tablets are acceptable to everyone—even to those with delicate digestive systems. Thus 'Alasil' Tablets provide all the pain-relieving qualities of aspirin with additional advantages.

Widely prescribed by medical and dental practitioners and specialists, 'Alasil' Tablets give sure relief from Headache and all forms of Neuralgic, Rheumatic and Periodic Pains.

In Bottles 1/11½ *&* 1/5
Cartons 6d.
At all Chemists. AS 41

SPECIAL ADVANCE OPPORTUNITY

THE VICTORY BOOK

A wonderful Pictorial Record of the War from August, 1939, to the Defeat of Germany—320 pages, over 150 illustrations

HERE is a great work, entirely NEW which is an amazing record of the most tremendous chapter in British history. Starting with the occupation of Poland in August, 1939, and Britain's Declaration of War on September 3, 1939, the book recalls the most dramatic episodes right through the war up to Germany's surrender. As you turn the pages, tremendous events are recorded in wonderful photographs and vivid text: the sinking of the "Graf Spee"; the immortal story of Dunkirk; how "the few" and the men and women of British cities beat the Luftwaffe; vivid, stark chapters of the days when armed might strode almost unchallenged, until the later years when the tide of victory turned, and Allied troops surged triumphantly through North Africa, Italy and France and into Germany itself. Read, too, of Stalingrad—of Russia's stupendous heroism and sacrifices—of all free people's rejoicing when Victory came at last. This work—now on the press—will be available in approximately eight to ten weeks' time, but because the demand is bound to be tremendous, "John Bull" readers are given this special opportunity of making sure of their copies by ORDERING IN ADVANCE. Complete and post the Order Labels as directed NOW.

STANDARD EDITION. Blue Bookcloth, **send only 6 6** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION. Rich Scarlet Leathercloth with title in real gold on spine; **send only 7 6** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW. Fill in the two labels below as directed and post with P.O. for the correct amount according to the edition required to **Odhams Press Ltd., "The Victory Book," Book Dept. J.T.I, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross & Co. All applications must be received by June 20. On receipt of label "B" completed and stamped, we will send you an acknowledgment of your payment, and that a copy of the "Victory Book" has been reserved in your name. This offer applies only in Great Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. **If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on label.**

A

BOOK WITH CARE
Carriage Paid Home
WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

If undelivered, return to Book Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 6/6 — DE LUXE EDITION 7/6
Strike out Edition not required.
H.L.W.

I.T.I., 9/6/45.

B

Affix 1d. (penny) stamp here for acknowledgement of your remittance.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

I.T.I., 9/6/45.

BE MODERN
WEAR A **Monty** TRADE MARK

Be sure to get one when the Services' needs are met and supplies are available.

What is her secret—

"Pat, I don't know how you keep so well and cheerful"
—that's what her friends say to her.

Here are most interesting extracts from a letter recently written to the makers of Fynnon Salt.

"I had to sleep in a shelter for over three weeks and the rain seeped in and it was very cold and damp, and believe me or not, I have never had a trace of rheumatism or cold of any description once. Before taking Fynnon Salt I was a martyr to rheumatism, colds and influenza . . . . My friends have said to me—'Pat, I don't know how you keep so well and cheerful having lost everything and had to rough it like you have in the wind and the rain and look at the energy you still have at your age.' I have told several of my friends of my secret . . .—Fynnon Salt . . ." Yours faithfully,
(*Signed*) P.F.

Fynnon Salt

is doing a
GREAT DEAL OF GOOD
to a
GREAT MANY PEOPLE
who suffer from

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 (*includes Purchase Tax*)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (542)

This FAMILY says

"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails."

The cause of digestive upsets is often excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. These painful symptoms can be corrected by a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals."

Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

GRE-SOLVENT

THE ORIGINAL CLEANER

MORE HASTE.. MORE NEED

REMOVES GREASE and GRIME THAT SOAP WILL NOT TOUCH

POWDER 7d.
PASTE - 8d.
NO COUPONS

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:—

A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.

At Chemists & Stores 764

Cuticura OINTMENT

ARE YOU NEW TO

FALSE TEETH?

Gain CONFIDENCE & COMFORT this way

However great the dentist's skill, your mouth probably feels "full of teeth." During this difficult initial period, gain confidence by sprinkling KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE* on the contact surface of the dental plate. This tasteless powder—harmless to denture and user—will hold your plate firmly yet comfortably in correct position and will help you to masticate food properly. Dentists recommend it. From all chemists—1/3 & 3/3.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also, use Kolynos *Denture* Powder for cleaning false teeth—1/3.

FOR LIGHTER BETTER CAKES

use plain flour and

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

As good as they always were....

You get pre-war quality and the full alcoholic strength resulting from natural fermentation when you get V.P. wines; grapes from the vineyards of Empire are grown and gathered for their production here in England. No longer plentiful they are still moderately priced. No other wine can give you such satisfaction for

6'6

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

POINT BRAND **V.P. wines**

RICH RUBY * SWEET WHITE * BRITISH SHERRY

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

'How Right we were — to choose

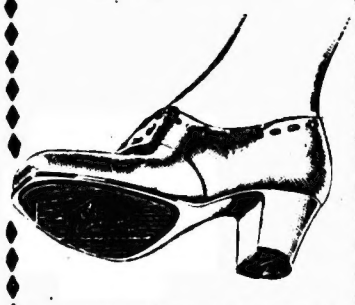
BUSH RADIO'

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4 *royds* 453D

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

are built to go miles further



Goodyear have led the world for over a quarter of a century in the manufacture of various rubber products. That's why they know how to make the finest rubber soles and heels obtainable anywhere. Ask your repairer to fit Goodyear. You'll find they make walking much easier and go *miles* further.

★

Made by the makers of the famous GOODYEAR TYRE

WORK-WEARY EYES

soothed cleansed refreshed

The wonderful new combination of plant extracts and antiseptics in Valopto Eye Lotion will give your eyes unbelievable relief. The Head of a Medical Institution reports:

"We have had quite a number of inflamed eyes and Valopto has charmed them away like magic. I noticed a very soothing effect."

Your eyes will be helped too at the very first application. Valopto stops burning and smarting, clears up styes, checks infection—gives ease and comfort. So easy to use. Only takes 60 seconds. Get Valopto from your chemist 2/- (inc. tax).

VALOPTO

The MODERN Eye Lotion

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . . and *none* so well as " Player's ".

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C.565EB

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

SNAP VACUUM CLOSURES

Bottle all the fruit you can this year with the aid of Snap Closures—the easiest and surest method of all.

Price 2/6 plus 8d. tax per carton of 12.

GRAHAM FARISH Ltd.

BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT

The remedy for Constipation & its worries ...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

Head Pains . . .

I need Phensic —that's what I need!

What a pity! Time spent in pain—when Phensic so quickly brings relief! It will pay you to keep handy a supply of Phensic in case of headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatic pain, lumbago, sciatica. Phensic is a real family remedy—anyone may take it in perfect safety.

Two sizes 1/4 and 3/3
including Purchase Tax.

Phensic

Does not harm the heart

HOUSES but only if . . .

The Nation needs—and demands—houses after the war. They will be forthcoming only by enlisting all the tried and trustworthy agencies of supply. Many will prefer, from deliberate choice, to purchase rather than rent the house they need. Public policy should provide that such genuine needs can be satisfied at the earliest practicable moment. The Abbey National and other building societies have large resources to assist individual home ownership—a further element in social security.

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1
Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, E.C.2

CVS-103

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.